

The Editors are happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but they cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will they hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

THE NEW YEAR AND THE PRESIDENCY.

EVENTFUL as the year 1868 promises to be for Europe, for America it promises to be still more so. The people of the United States stand at the threshold of a new era, where each step now to be taken has potential bearing upon the future of a vast empire. The people of Europe are concluding an era substantially of the past, rounding off a hoary cycle which is so nearly ended as to be little likely to be affected in its historical aspect by the action of the immediate present. Revolution may blaze forth there, it is true, at any moment—in Italy, in France, or possibly in England—and if it does it will be contagious. Should such catastrophes overtake them, those nations, after passing through the customary throes and struggles of a dying epoch, will stand as we now stand, face to face with a new one, and, like ourselves, will then have to meet and grapple with the difficulties and responsibilities of reconstruction. The difference in the respective situations seems to consist in this: that, whereas when the European chaos comes, from the antiquity and brittleness of existing materials, it will scarcely be possible to use their fragments for the edifice of the future, there is preserved much of our own youthful and elastic structure which, with wisdom and care, may yet do service for many years.

It is because of our profound conviction of the necessity of this wisdom and this care that we have deprecated—perhaps at times with more zeal than the non-partisan character we profess has quite justified—the admission of unskilled hands to participate in the work of reconstruction. We do not believe in the wisdom of ignorance, do not believe in imperilling the future of the country for the sake of the temporary exigencies, however pressing, of a party. It is nevertheless undeniable that a very large body of good and patriotic men have viewed the subject which is the root of controversy, and which will constitute the prime issue of the coming Presidential Election, in a different light. Such men, whom we separate from mere partisans when we acknowledge the purity and catholicity of their intentions, honestly believe that immunity from the danger of a recurrence of past troubles is only to be assured by entrusting the suffrage to the liberated blacks, and that the risk of the blacks misusing the suffrage is less than the risk of their not having it at all. This, of course, is a matter of opinion. It is undoubtedly possible conscientiously to hold either conviction, and as possible conscientiously to dissent from it. Like all controversies whose opposing sides depend upon prospective rather than ascertained data, the dispute over Negro Suffrage has been more bitter than it would have been had the contestants really known much about it. Precedents are said to be dangerous, and illustrations colored sophistries; but there have not even been either precedents or illustrations of a special nature that could fairly be brought to bear in the argument. Under the circumstances it has perhaps been well that partial experiments should be tried; the chief objection being the difficulty of retrogression. This has been done on a considerable scale, and the people at large, who are the ultimate judges and arbiters, have looked on and formed their opinions. So far as the people have expressed those opinions, it must be admitted as beyond cavil that they are unfavorable to Negro Suffrage.

Unquestionably this expression has been considerably influenced by the character of the more prominent advocates of the obnoxious measure. Those advocates, unfortunately, are nearly all ill-balanced men; men with either too much heart and too little head, or too much head and too little heart; admixtures which are almost equally unfavorable to statesmanlike thought and statesmanlike action. The Republican party, right or wrong in their principles, have been very unfortunate. Their advanced lights, self-chosen guides against the will of the moderate masses of the party, have led them up to a point

whence to retreat is even more dangerous than to press forward. We suppose that the latter alternative will therefore of necessity be adopted; and, as it now seems generally understood that General Grant is to be the Republican Presidential candidate, that "Grant and Negro Suffrage" will, of course, be the Republican watchword for the campaign. A disposition is certainly evinced in some quarters to evade the connection of General Grant's name with any explicit principles whatever; a disposition encouraged by his own obvious desire in the matter, as well as by its peculiarly embarrassing features. But those who are interesting themselves in this nomination, whether political managers or business men, may be credited with sagacity enough to know that a policy like this cannot possibly work. No man, not even General Grant, can prove a successful candidate whose opinions on the subject of Negro Suffrage are not explicitly avowed and definitely understood. To withhold such opinions altogether will receive from the powerful Radicals but one construction, and will be met by them with but one reply. They will simply nominate Chief-Justice Chase, and, in all human probability, elect, in so doing, the Democratic candidate. We may take it for granted, then, in view of the acuteness and experience of the influential gentlemen who have anticipated the conventions in arraying themselves as the General-in-Chief's special supporters, that their policy will be to hold together the two branches of the Republican party on a basis clearly indicated by the shibboleth we have suggested, of "Grant and Negro Suffrage."

That General Grant, under such circumstances, will command a very strong vote, will be enthusiastically believed. His great prestige as the successful commander of the armies of the Union, the wide-spread popular faith in his invincibility, the equally wide-spread instinctive persuasion that revolutions never go backward, and the devoted support of the numbers who believe in universal equality regardless of race, color, or nationality, may be expected to constitute a combination of forces all but irresistible. It is to be supposed, too, that the Republicans, although many of their number esteem the late reverses of their party as transitory and superficial, will yet gain caution from experience, and consent to disregard minor internal differences for the sake of a sweeping triumph in the Presidential contest. A time always comes in the history of parties when such compromises have to be made; and it is as clear as anything can be in politics that General Grant is the only candidate strong enough—if any can be—to gain acceptance for the at present unpalatable measure of Negro Suffrage. The prejudice against this measure—which many able Republicans assure us is, after all, but temporary—may be unjust, and ungenerous, and unprogressive, but still it exists. And as it seems inseparably associated with the cohesive integrity of the Republican party, the only choice is to get the strongest possible leader to sustain it.

President Johnson, who is either hopeless of or indifferent to a re-election, has made an ingenious but perhaps premature move in suggesting the nomination of General Hancock. It is a feature in the practical working of our system that even an unpopular President can do a great deal toward electing his successor; and, owing to various circumstances, Mr. Johnson is more formidable just now in this respect than would have been supposed possible six months ago. His influence has steadily increased and is increasing still, and the belief that, whatever his mistakes, he has earnestly striven to act up to his patriotic convictions is more generally accepted as his term draws near its close. Had his course been as guarded and statesmanlike throughout as it has latterly been, Mr. Johnson might have had the refusal of a nomination for re-election. As it is, his recommendation will have considerable weight. General Hancock is a splendid soldier, and a man otherwise of decided character and ability. His chances for a nomination must, however, pass the ordeal of many yet uncertain contingencies before they can be counted as strong ones. If he were willing to accept a secondary position with some older Democratic statesman of pure name and acknowledged talent—with such a man, for instance, as Mr. Charles O'Connor—a ticket might be made that would have substantial strength happen what might. Mr. O'Connor unites the singular personal advantages of ripe experi-

ence, commanding abilities, the highest position in the country as a constitutional lawyer, and an unblemished private and political reputation to those of never having been a seeker of office and possessing the unbounded confidence of his party. O'Connor and Hancock would form a brilliant and powerful combination, the chances for whose success would be more likely to increase than to diminish with time. The claims of Mr. Seymour and of Mr. Pendleton have many advocates; but, as nothing would please the Republicans more than the nomination by the Democrats of either of these gentlemen, there seems good reason to suppose it will not be so bestowed.

Whoever may be selected as standard-bearers by the respective parties, it is evident that the coming election will be one of extraordinary interest and excitement. It is common to attribute supreme moment to each successive Presidential election, but it is probably true that the one now approaching will be the most important the country has yet known. In no other, with perhaps a single exception, have been involved such stupendous issues, in no other have consequences been so manifestly far-reaching and comprehensive. Candidates, self-nominated and other, are sufficiently numerous, and plenty there are who imagine themselves heaven-appointed leaders to conduct the nation safely through all its troubles. There is, however, a difference between aspiration and inspiration, and desire is an untrustworthy evidence of capacity. It will be a happy thing for the American people should the care and wisdom so imperatively demanded by the critical nature of the national situation be exhibited in making the Presidential selections and in basing them upon definite expositions of principle; it will be a sad and threatening thing should those qualities be wanting. The war has decided—it is to be hoped for ever—that we abolish Slavery. The coming election is to decide to what extent we are to abolish, and to what extent we are to preserve, the Constitution.

DULNESS IN JOURNALISM.

DRUNKARDS, according to their friends, are monsters of perfection in all things save the single weak one. Their accomplishments, their generosity, their kindness of heart, their wit, their general attractiveness are all of the best and brightest sort, so that the dark spot of the solitary vice is relieved and atoned as far as possible by the dazzling refugence around it. "What a glorious fellow Lusher is!" one constantly hears about him, "What a pity he will drink so!" The experience of most people will endorse the general statement that men who begin to make themselves conspicuous by their intemperance are almost always credited straightway with qualities which, if ever attributed to them before, were surely never attributed in so superlative a degree. The explanation of this tendency is simple, lying as it does in that mixture of sympathy and self-esteem with which the average of mankind are so richly endowed. There is genuine pity for a victim whose volition is sapped as it were by disease, and whose career must inevitably be a downward one; there is secret satisfaction in the idea of being free one's self of the debasing sin; and out of the two there comes a willingness to acknowledge the merits of the unfortunate inebriate which, while his position was firm, might have failed to find expression. The merits of drunkards are thus apt to be very generally conceded, and they have at least this consolation in their unhappy lot, that its source seems to put their characters in the most winning and fascinating light to the eyes of their fellow-men.

There is a phenomenon not so easily explained perhaps as this redeeming glamour that palliates intoxication, but bearing certain features of resemblance to it while including points of interest which are peculiar to itself. We refer to the curious custom of holding that when a contributor to the press, and more especially a journalist, of otherwise average attainments and powers, happens to be utterly deficient in spirit and imagination, happens to be ungifted, that is, with the wit, quickness, and felicity of expression which are the essential characteristics of effective and successful journalism, he is therefore and necessarily to be set down as a "solid" and "respectable" writer. So prevalent is this custom among us, and such sure anchorage does it afford to those who have the knowledge and patience to trust to it, that men can be found in

the community by the dozen, especially on the religious press, holding situations that imply their fitness to be public instructors and to furnish original thought, but who in fact are absolutely without a spark of creative power, and who could not write one solitary page of original matter to save their souls from judgement. It has come simply to this, that the refuge for those who are conscious of possessing neither brains nor acquirements for pointed and suggestive writing lies in claiming to be eminently "solid" and "respectable." It follows, it would seem as a natural consequence, that, when a thing is more sharply and cleverly said than they know how to say it, the respectable dullards and their adherents cry out that the saying is "flippant." That which is not square, unmistakably dull, is in the opinion of these people "most tolerable and not to be endured." Their own lead will not pass muster for silver or gold if they do not decry with all their power whatever bears a shining stamp. To promulgate their philosophy, it is important in the estimation of these philosophers to abuse as trivial and superficial whatever the public can read with interest, or enjoy while reading. Above all, it is essential to inculcate the cardinal dogma that, as all sermons are awful in proportion to their mysterious inexplicability, so all articles are dignified and praiseworthy in proportion to their unreadableness.

The foundation of this queer doctrine comes out of New England; the New England, that is, of old time, when cant and virtue, gloom and desert, upturned eyes and upright hearts, cropped hair and gratitude to the Deity, were considered, respectively, convertible terms. It is not difficult to trace the connection between the sad, sour temper of the Puritans, their proscription of pleasure, their hatred of poetry and music, their mingled fear and loathing of the imagination, and the taste for dullness observable in the community of to-day. Or perhaps we should rather say the habit of striving to sustain such a taste, since in our view the thing itself is notably on the decline. The general proposition that a good thing must necessarily be a dull thing and *vice versa*, has, without doubt, been greatly strengthened by the Puritanic creed and enforced by the Puritanic example. A large majority of the religious journals published in the United States are inspired and governed by this principle or idea more than by any other; and there are many journals by no means religious that have not escaped the contagion. The principle, however, has gained strength by indirect means in other ways; the most important of which has consisted in the characteristics of many of those at whose hands the reaction against Puritanism has been expressed. *The New York Herald* has been, for example, a noted exponent of this reaction. Now, *The Herald* has been remarkably successful, because it has consistently carried out its leading principle of catering for the masses; but this circumstance has involved the perhaps inevitable disadvantage of being justly obnoxious to the favorite criticism of the Puritanic-didactic school. *The Herald* has not been dull, but has been flippant; and its conspicuous example has persuaded numbers into the ludicrous error of supposing that dullness and flippancy are positive and natural antitheses. The folly of this error is demonstrable by the columns of many journals among us that with felicitous and habitual ease unite both qualities; but the opinions of the masses are shaped by broad and general considerations, and into subtleties the masses, as a rule, decline to enter. In some degree stimulated by the success of *The Herald*, and also by the palpable expediency of catering for a heterogeneous and for the most part imperfectly educated population, a great many other publications have essayed a similar path; and hence, in brief, has sprung what is loosely termed the "sensational school" in current literature; hence the prejudice that whatever appeals in any measure to the imagination and fancy, anything that aims to interest through giving color and variety to style, anything in short that is not monotonous, conventional, unoriginal, and ultra-solemn in form and handling is, by an absurd perversion, styled "flippant" or "sensational."

The whole theory is, as educated people should not need to be told, pure, unmitigated bosh. Nothing whatever in literary composition, from a sermon to a paragraph, is the better, but distinctly the worse, for being dull. There is no dullness in the essays of

Montaigne, of Charles Lamb, of *The Spectator*, or in any others that have survived their own era and come down to posterity. Nor is there any just connection between goodness and flat, commonplace expression. The contrary prejudice, so far as it exists, is the fruit of accidental circumstances, and has no rational foundation. There is no good reason why the devil should have all the brilliant and forcible writing any more than that he should have all the good tunes. There is no good reason why either the religious or other publications which aim to instruct and elevate should be written in so wearisome and stupid a manner as to disgust at least as many as they edify. Plainly the manner in question is directly opposed to the rapid, mercurial, and movement-loving spirit of our people; a spirit whose development as a national characteristic is constantly becoming more apparent, and whose growth is of itself a reason for the failure materially and spiritually of so many of the journals we describe. Means and ends must be adapted with a nicer and more active appreciation before we arrive at a period which we hope is, however, not very far off, and which will one day be known as the Golden Age of American Journalism.

NEW YORK AND THE NEW YEAR.

THE NEW YEAR, with its load of matured responsibilities and its indefinite vista of responsibilities to come, has undoubtedly brought to many fire-sides more anxiety than cheer. It cannot be denied that a definite sense of injury beclouds the resolution with which most people are setting their houses in order and preparing for the strain of the future. Extravagance, as all who have common sense perceive and own, rightly brings its punishment in embarrassment and ultimate ruin; but when men have been really prudent, have struggled their utmost, exerted their ingenuity at every turn to gain subsistence and meet their honest debts, it is a bitter thing to encounter failure. That such is the present position of great numbers of deserving individuals among us is unhappily notorious. In the metropolis more particularly the situation is such as to justify grave concern and to call for speedy action to obtain relief. New York before the war was fast becoming one of the dearest cities in the world; it is now, we believe, more costly than any other. The peculiar shape of Manhattan Island, the rapid increase of its population, and the onerous burden of its taxation, have collectively brought things to a pass which it is no exaggeration to say threatens to become simply unendurable. It is true that there are many splendid houses, many enormous incomes, many magnificent displays of carriages, furniture, plate, and sumptuous apparel; but these belong, after all, to the comparative few. Nine-tenths of the population of the city, at the lowest calculation, have been, during 1867, in circumstances where by the sharpest struggle they could barely make both ends meet. Probably upon numbers of these the overlap that ends in pecuniary disaster has already begun. In plain terms, the cost of food, clothes, lodging, and fire—the bare necessities of life—treads upon the heels of possible average earnings, or has actually outstripped them. No argument is needed to show that this is a condition of things not only deplorable but dangerous. It is a condition that in the old world has led by a straight path to riots and revolutions. When the hardest work that men can do ceases to gain for themselves and families a bald subsistence, to say nothing of rainy days, of trifling pleasures, of doctor's bills, and, least of all, of getting on in the world, their discontent is certain sooner or later to assume dimensions perilous to the existing governmental system, whatever that may be. The masses may fail to discern the true source of their troubles and may be unjust in estimating it; but they know they suffer, they believe somebody or something is to blame, they conclude that any change may be for the better and cannot possibly be for the worse, and so they prepare to make it. This is the temper that leads to bloodshed and political convulsion. It is the temper that, unless counteracting agencies are soon forthcoming, will, in our opinion, draw nearer to critical development in New York than is generally supposed.

The prime difficulty is the cost of living—a difficulty which is to be regarded from various sides. We mean by this that we must estimate not alone the high price

of the necessities of life, but the cost at which even the money which is attainable to exchange for those necessities is procured. The lamentable truth is that for most people here every-day life is constantly becoming more like a desperate and exhausting battle. What with the obstructions of the streets which render pedestrianism daily more irksome and laborious, the overcrowded condition of public conveyances, the filthiness, coarse manners and speech of thousands with whom personal contact is unavoidable for all unable to keep carriages, the loss of time, and the wear and tear of nerves, temper, and even garments, which such evils entail, all these include an expenditure which money alone cannot accurately represent. It may be objected that the disagreeables we cite are such only to people of a certain grade of refinement, and that the humbler classes do not feel them. This is measurably true, but then a very considerable fraction of our population is of a certain grade of refinement, without being rich, and we are sure that the aggregate of positive misery inflicted by these inconveniences is seriously large. If these evils are necessary ones, they press far too heavily upon those who feel them most keenly. Besides, admitting the general force of the objection, it remains that the tendency of things is to make life easy to the very wealthy, endurable possibly to the very poor, and disproportionately burdensome to all conditions that are intermediate. To change one of the terms of John Randolph's famous description of England, the tendency is to make New York a paradise for the rich, purgatory for the poor, and hell for the middle classes; a relation which, in a democratic city under republican institutions, is scarcely a compatible one.

There are people—and the number naturally includes most of the exceptionally prosperous and many who earn their bread without the need of locomotion—who smile at these things, call them the unavoidable embarrassments of a growing city, say that the suburbs will provide for its overflow, and urge that improvement will keep pace with the pressure of demand. Such views are the mere fooleries of optimism. Improvement does not keep pace with demand. The pressure has been augmented by numerous artificial and unanticipated forces. That the suburbs do not adequately absorb the urban surplusage is shown by the prices of rent and food, swollen far above the legitimate rates indicated by the currency, and by the condition of the streets and public conveyances. No intelligent observer who looks at the New York of ten years ago, and then casts his eyes forward to the probable New York of ten years hence, can doubt that it is expedient to provide in advance for extraordinary changes. The question is, What provision is to be made, and whence is to come the authority to enforce it? We suggest, in a brief and general way, the following improvements and reforms, as being in our belief such as will prove ere long to be absolutely indispensable:

I. The remodelling of the whole lower part of the city so as in the most just, feasible, and economical manner to double the present capacity of the avenues leading from the Battery northward to Fourteenth street. At the same time—or previously, since this is a regulation which should go into effect at once—the adoption of an ordinance forbidding all carts, vans, trucks, and similar vehicles from loading, unloading, or being in Broadway between the hours of eight A.M. and six P.M.

II. The construction, by government if necessary, in spite of all obstacles, individual or natural, of a double-track underground railway from the Battery to Harlem, with numerous and suitable intermediate stations.

III. The adoption of an ordinance compelling every street railway and omnibus company to run every second (or third) vehicle, which might be distinguished by color or otherwise, on the system of *ensuring a seat to each passenger*, of taking no others, and of charging a fixed advance in fare for such vehicles, the amount to be regulated by law.

IV. The establishment of numerous and spacious public markets where, either by the increase of competitive facilities, or, if necessary, by the direct interposition of authority, the necessities of life shall be supplied to all at the lowest possible price.

V. The erection of a large number of lofty,

thoroughly built, and ventilated buildings in convenient locations upon the principle long successfully adopted in Paris, Edinburgh, and other European cities, and in which, while having staircases in common, families or individuals can live in *flats* entirely separate and distinct from each other. It is perfectly feasible so to erect such edifices as to make them suitable for all possible requirement as regards size of family or convenience of expenditure; and it is clearly demonstrable under existing conditions that, as investments, such buildings would yield handsome returns.

That the practical introduction of improvements like these would be impeded by obstacles and surrounded by difficulties, we are of course well aware. That either these or improvements substantially like them must in the sequel be adopted we are quite certain. The choice then, in our view, lies between indefinite postponement with all the innumerable attendant risks and embarrassments and immediate consideration of ways and means. There are other innovations which will shortly be necessary, such as the connection by at least two bridges of Manhattan and Long Islands, and the reconstruction, perhaps on the Liverpool principle, of our whole system of piers and wharves. These undertakings might be in progress simultaneously with the others, thus forming parts of a comprehensive whole; or their construction might be deferred, reference being had in the plans to their future consummation. The necessity, however, for the works we have cited or for others ensuring similar reliefs and advantages is urgent and immediate. The time has come when the subject should be agitated and discussed in every possible manner. We may not return by artificial or heroic means to specie payments, but we may modify, so far as the metropolis is concerned, some of the most direct and pressing evils with which other causes beside the postponement of such payments complicate the present situation. There is no sound cause why New York should not be made as beautiful, as perfect, and as convenient a city under a republic as Paris has been made under an emperor. Indeed, with our vast influx of immigrant labor, whose salient enterprise seems exhausted the moment it touches New York, some of the politic reasons which dictated Louis Napoleon's improvements of Paris may wisely influence us here, apart, in a measure, from that of the mere augmentation of numbers. We hope that the momentous topics thus briefly discussed in this article will receive earnest and extensive popular attention. The future of New York, in both a political and commercial sense, is indissolubly linked with them; and her capitalists and real estate owners will act a sagacious part by taking a speedy and energetic lead toward improvements wherein their own interests are destined to be so vitally involved.

MAKING CALLS.

EVERYBODY makes calls, everybody receives them, yet very few, we fancy, of all who indulge in the luxury would find it easy to explain their object. Of course, young people in that preposterously blissful condition which finds brains a superfluity and individual identity an encumbrance, which has warmed the fancy of poets and pointed the unheeded sneers of crabbed age even before Catullus and his Lesbia, might answer readily if not quite coherently enough. But then lovers' visits are not strictly to be regarded as calls; they are trips to fairyland, they are voyages to the Happy Islands, they are glimpses of paradise, they are pilgrimages to the shrine of a goddess (how have they flown, those divinities that brightened our youth!), they are drafts on time for the joy of a life in advance. These are not the calls we speak of, and we have only to send back our eager, blushing respondents to their cosy corner behind the curtains and try it again. Why are calls made? The calls which men and women make on one another are readily enough explained. Women call of a morning for the chance of scrutinizing their hostesses' dresses, of displaying their own, and of ventilating at the same time the concentrated scandal of the previous evening. Time was, indeed, when tattle began with tea, and reputations were amiably dissected over the cheering and not inebriating cup. But that agreeable institution has vanished—agreeable institutions almost always do—and with the prevailing fashion of late dinners the genius of gossip lost its abiding place. Dinner is entirely too grave and serious a business for those lighter diversions which find at the tea-table a congenial sphere, and though the dreary deserts of drawing-room

small talk which environ that oasis before and after, the latter especially between the wine and the coffee, might be made available in skilful hands, yet there are reasons against it. Before dinner one is oppressed with that vague feeling of unrest and apprehension which waiting always brings. Everybody is miserable and is made doubly so by the conscious effort to seem unusually gay and light-hearted; whereas scandal lives only in an atmosphere of entire freedom from mental anxiety and occupation. After dinner there is apt to come a certain sense of languor which is not only unfavorable to great mental exertion, but indisposes one to be severely just in weighing the faults of one's neighbors. Breakfast, again, is with us, at least, too desultory and brief to admit that full and frank interchange of confidence which lends to scandal its greatest charm. So it seems a kindly dispensation of Providence which intervened to relieve this pressing want, and to provide that no social slip should go unwhipped of justice, by establishing the morning call. There it is that all needful publicity is given to those frailties of one's neighbors which one must know, or how could we avoid them? to Mrs. Abandon's outrageous behavior with the young Italian Count Don Giovanni (who is also suspected of being a barber), to Miss Flyaway's mysterious disappearance, to all the thousand and one bits of domestic carrion which the irreproachable vultures of Society so swiftly scent; there that the balls and weddings are reported and the fashions settled; there, in short, is the exchange for all that multifarious feminine news that makes of trifles light as air material to shake the world.

And men go to see each other for reasons which are equally obvious. They can smoke together, they can drink together, they can compare notes of their latest conquests; they can tell those charming naughty stories of which faint rumors borne to the drawing-room evoke what bewitching shudders, what dainty indignation! they can put on slippers and old coats, they can play poker, they can swear, they can indulge in every manly amusement; in a word, they can throw off all the irksome restraints of social decorum and relapse into that primitive barbarism so dear to the masculine heart. For the people who severally enjoy them nothing can be imagined more delightful than those two kinds of calls at their best. But these, again, are not the ones that interest us. Evening calls, the calls which are made in the splendid torture of white tie and gloves, the calls which the very young men who wish to be thought old make bashfully on the old girls who desire to be thought young, the calls of much reluctant middle-aged bachelors on eager marriageable maidens and scheming mammas, the calls which one is constantly making on people whom he doesn't greatly care for, and who, he knows, don't at all care for him; the calls where the dismal commonplace of the visitor is only equalled by the intolerable twaddle of the visited; wedding calls, *visites de digestion*; above all, New-Year's calls, which everybody is just now regretting having made and registering vehement but fleeting vows never to repeat—where shall the philosophic mind discover for these any plausible *raison d'être*? The problem is a difficult one; perhaps a glance at the constitution of society will help us to the solution.

Society is an abstraction which most people feel the meaning of better than they can express. Given a man, a woman, a tailor, a *modiste*, and we have the elements into which society most readily resolves itself. But these, after all, give no idea of the thing itself; it is only in their aggregation and constantly varying arrangement that society reveals itself. And place has as much to do with its composition as person. For example, Mrs. Fitzcodlins' drawing-room is society; Mrs. McShoddy's, which is quite as tastelessly and much more expensively furnished, is not. Perhaps a more comprehensive analysis would divide it into half a dozen balls, a dozen dinner parties, a score of Germans, a box at the Opera, a hundred calls. Calls are the links which join together the grand events, the decades of a rosary whose divisions are the routs, the incidents which jog society's memory, which enable one to remember whom one knows and whom one doesn't, which, in a word, are the index to one's invitation lists. Here is the key to the mystery. We call on Mrs. Fitzcodlins not because we desire to see her; we don't, we find her tedious and vulgar, a scandalous, ill-natured, snuffy old creature, who bores us; but Mrs. Fitzcodlins is *ton*, and distinction drops its laurel on the heads that pass through her doorway. We inflict on ourselves a half-hour of intellectual martyrdom for the possible honor of being beckoned to her box at the play, the remote pleasure of dancing at her next soirée with Miss Sylphine, whom we adore and who blesses us with—well, that is our affair. The ambition is not a

very noble one, and the reward something less than adequate to the suffering—*mais que faire*? If one is in society one must do as society does.

There, too, is an excuse for the stupidity of which so many of our readers, of which we ourselves, we blush to confess, were a day or two since guilty. All calls are more or less stupid, but New-Year's calls are simply idiotic. Either they are made on friends or desirable acquaintances and are superfluous, or on merely casual acquaintances, when they are absurd. It seems to be some dim consciousness of this which reduces even intelligent men to that pitiable state of imbecility which is the chief and universal characteristic of the day. Subjects for talk are difficult enough to find at any call. There seems to be something chilling and solemn in the atmosphere of a call which checks and awes the most confident garrulity, and which even the potent presence of a pretty girl cannot entirely counteract. Indeed a pretty girl, if she be also sprightly and entertaining, without which prettiness is naught, seldom appears to less advantage than at an evening call. An acquaintance begun on a croquet ground, on board ship, at a dinner-party, at a country house, on a skating-pond, on the top of the Alps, may offer some hopes of ripening into intimacy, but at an evening call never. Frankness withers in its artificial air, and love is slain by its icy formalities; after the hundredth one finds himself as far advanced, as well acquainted, as after the first. Now, all the disabilities which operate in the ordinary evening visit are renewed with tenfold strength on New-Year's day. The very number and enforced brevity alone of New-Year's calls would preclude any great conversational variety or brilliancy, and the constant and vain effort to think of something new, which men of sense, conscious of being in a false position, make as a last concession to reason, is extremely depressing and enfeebling. When one has passed the compliments of the season more or less coherently, and mentioned the remarkable fineness or the extreme horridness of the day, there is usually an awful pause, and if the hostess lack the tact and presence of mind to bring up her conversational reserve in the novel suggestion that "this is sherry, and this, I believe (she is never quite sure about this), is brandy; which will you have, Mr. Jones?" the situation becomes painfully embarrassing. One scarcely needs to wait for the one hundred and fiftieth repetition to find this formula wearisome if not nauseating; and we cannot too enthusiastically express our admiration and respect for those courageous ladies who, with all the warning experience of the past, can face year after year this terrible ordeal. If some enterprising and philanthropic author would but invent a series of new and original remarks for New-Year's callers he would deserve the gratitude of his kind.

There are some delusions which age, it seems, cannot wither nor custom stale. Calling is one of them. Doubtless, to the end of time men will persist in thus making themselves intensely miserable under the mistaken impression that they are all being uncommonly jolly. Probably the sons of Adam called on the daughters of Eve, before the gates of Paradise were fairly shut, and until

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit shall dissolve,"

we may be sure they will not learn to desist. Indeed there are some people so wedded to doing the things their fathers did, because their fathers did them, that if they could be assured on reasonably good authority that in heaven there is neither calling nor receiving calls, they would positively decline a prolonged residence in so unfashionable a country.

THE SEASON'S AMUSEMENTS.

A GRANDE DUCHESSE has departed, and a great blank is left in the hearts of her admirers. The inimitable *Fritz*, who goes up like a rocket and comes down like a stick—the powder-smelling *General Boum*, that improved French version of our own *Bombastes*—the courtly *Prince Paul* with his delicate air and graces, and his "Voici ce que l'on dit de moi!"—the Baron Puck with his green umbrella and his unappeasable appetite for refreshments—"L'ambassadeur de Papa" with his diplomatic cough and his incredible bow—the rustic *Wanda* with her fresh young voice, her bronze boots and buxom proportions—the fierce and implacable functionary with the hussar's jacket, the Mongolian mustache, and the rolling r's—the bevy of fair ladies with their love-letters and their silks and stockings—and finally, the redoubtable army of the Grand Duchy itself, with its colossal drum-major and its diminutive line and staff officers, have marched smartly away as is their wont, and left us

desolate! The bright little theatre that lately shook with laughter over the earnest extravagances of *Boum*, the exquisitely graduated awkwardness of *Fritz*, the arch vivacity of "Altesse" herself—the dome that but now echoed with the "Sabre de mon pere" and the liveliest of *brindis* and dance music it had ever resounded withal—now reverberates with the protracted lugubrities of *Marie Antoinette*, the long-drawn exacerbations of maternal and conjugal feeling. Happily this is but for a time; and, although we think Mr. Bateman would have done more wisely to decline to interrupt the reign of the *Grande Duchesse*, the spell of her sceptre is so potent that we doubt not all her lieges will be charmed back to her court in February, and that it will be some time yet before it will be needful to bring out the promised *Belle Hélène*.

In the way of Italian Opera we are to have two companies presently, one at the Academy, the other at Mr. Pike's new and, if report speaks truly, splendid house in Twenty-third street. Mr. Maretzek's company open at the former theatre with an Italian version of Wallace's *Lurline*, which we are informed will be produced in a costly and thorough style. When an Italian version of the favorite *Bohemian Girl* was brought out some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre under the title of *La Zingara* we remember that many experienced judges predicted failure. The opera was, however, triumphantly successful. Poor Giuglini made a veritable sensation in the metamorphosed "When other lips and other hearts" and the whole performance was received with enthusiasm. We see no reason why *Lurline* should not make a similar success under similar circumstances here. It is full of charming melody, the concerted music and instrumentation generally are very attractive, and the opportunities for scenic display should, if cleverly availed of, do much to win popular acceptance. We sincerely wish Mr. Maretzek abundant good fortune in this the second instalment of his season; and shall be much disappointed if the public fail to come up liberally to his support. The Pike Opera House is to open with a company of which the leading members are those tried favorites with the New York public, Mme. La Grange and Signor Brignoli. We are not aware of the scene of Mme. La Grange's later European triumphs, but Signor Brignoli has sung with unequivocal success in London since his last operatic appearance in New York, the English audiences confirming with what seems to have grown into a settled habit the verdict of the New York ones as to the favorite tenor's best rôles. Mr. Max Strakosch is director of this troupe, which is affirmed to be full and complete in all departments. Of this we shall soon have the opportunity to judge for ourselves. Mr. Pike's house is said to be the most comfortable in the United States. We sincerely trust it is well ventilated. Our fickle climate necessitates the most elaborate provision in this respect and almost all our theatres and concert halls are persistently kept too hot in winter, probably through the defective arrangements which should, but do not, keep the supplies of heated and fresh air under thorough control. The curiosity to see the new opera house is quite up to the usual New York zest for novelty, and this will give Mr. Strakosch good houses until his company have time to show what metal they are made of.

Among the houses devoted to English drama, Wallack's has afforded an alternation of comedies and melodramas, in the latter of which, while acknowledging their attractiveness, we are sorry to see this really excellent company. The plays are invariably well mounted at Wallack's, keeping up in this respect a legitimately earned reputation; while the acting, if not always absolutely perfect, comes much nearer, in the average, to perfection than the performances at any other New York (English) theatre. At the house now known as the Olympic, Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* has been produced in very creditable style so far as scenery, music, costumes, and the other material accessories go; the acting, however, has not been up to a mark to command public approbation, although the piece for the former reasons has met considerable success. The present is announced as the last week of the *Black Crook* at the Niblo's Theatre. This has been the best abused and probably the most profitable play ever brought out in this country. Whether these two circumstances have had a direct and powerful connection the public can judge for themselves. We have taken occasion without reserve to express our opinion as to the merits of the performance. A play produced for the palpable and undisguised purpose of pandering to sensuality we cannot approve. It is undeniable, however, that the public do approve such plays. Upon the public, then,

rests the responsibility and the credit for taste and delicacy which accompanies it. Aside from its objectionable features, the drama has been superbly put upon the stage; and the boldness and tact of its projectors in this respect have fairly earned the pecuniary success they have gained.

Narrow-minded and ignorant people there are who suppose that praise of foreign artists necessarily implies disparagement of our own, but we have learned that solid judgement can only be formed by comparing our self-established idols with those exotic performers who have served a severe apprenticeship to art; and that by throwing off the mental slovenliness with which we have been wont to sit out performances, we may arrive at a closer appreciation of dramatic excellence, while our admiration and interest increase in proportion to our capacity for its comprehension. In Mr. Bateman's well-selected company there are no mutes, all are acceptable, several above mediocrity, some gifted with genius, no incongruities are apparent, and no inartistic blunders mar the harmony of the scene. Of many of the plays we have previously spoken at length, since which few novelties have been presented owing to the demand for the repetition of pieces hitherto successful. In *La Dame aux Camélias*, Mademoiselle Deborah has played with grace and feeling, and it is not too much to say of Monsieur La Roche that in *Armand* he approached more nearly in excellence to the great original of the part than any we have had the good fortune to see. Melodrama suits not the taste of the audience at this theatre, and although the acting of Monsieur and Madame Larmet merits the highest praise in *La Tour de Londres*, it was judiciously withdrawn after a single representation. Madame Emile de Girardin's little *Comédie de La Joie fait Peur*, was admirably performed, especially the part of Noël, by Monsieur Hamilton, whose acting in *Une Corneille qui abat des Noix* was alone sufficient to sustain the comedy. These pleasant entertainments always include something—comedy or farce—in which the charming and attractive Mademoiselle Reillez appears to advantage. Not to apply irreverently the saying of an eminent writer that "he alone discovers who proves," Mr. Bateman has discovered what was demanded by the taste of the age, and proved it by his success. To be sure the French comedy has not been "un succès pyramidal," but deserves to be called something much better than "un succès d'estime."

The Philharmonic concerts this season have hitherto been somewhat disappointing ones, and the symphony *soirées* of Mr. Thomas have been distinctly otherwise. Mr. Harrison has produced a series of oratorios at Irving Hall, some of which have been successful, but the majority dull and spiritless. The want of first-class singers among the principals has been severely felt, and yearly attempts of this kind will scarcely prove remunerative unless better material is provided than that which has been brought forward at these concerts.

CRITICISMS WRITTEN FOR THE ROUND TABLE.

BY G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L.,
AUTHOR OF THE DEAN'S ENGLISH, ETC.
GOULD'S GOOD ENGLISH.
NO. VI.

MR. GOULD flatters himself that the errors which I have exposed are all that are to be found in his work; and that I close my criticisms because I am, as he elegantly says, "hard pushed"—"short of materials to work upon." So far from that being the case, there are, even now, in my note-book, more than forty errors of his upon which I have not yet commented. I have left them unnoticed merely on account of their being similar to those which I have previously criticised. The fact that Mr. Gould, in common with other writers, has committed those errors, does not seem to me to be of sufficient importance to warrant my asking for space in *The Round Table* to expose them.

Errors abound in Mr. Gould's work. I had not intended to speak of any more, but his defiant mode of meeting criticism prevents my dealing with him as leniently as I otherwise would. I take, then, four consecutive pages, 21, 22, 23, and 24. On page 21 I read—"If Mr. Everett were about to deliver his oration on Washington, at the Academy of Music." On Washington, at the Academy of Music! Mr. Gould should have said, "deliver, at the Academy of Music, his oration on Washington."

Turn to the next page, 22; there we read, "That is, the addition of *ess* to those nouns which indicate persons, in order to designate females,"—*nouns which indicate persons, in order to designate females!* Why did not Mr. Gould arrange his words somewhat in this manner?—"That is, the designating of females by the addition of *ess* to those nouns which indicate persons."

On page 23, we are told of certain words "which have become as *plenty* as blackberries;" instead of "as *plentiful*

as blackberries. Dr. Campbell, in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, says "Plenty for plentiful appears to me so gross a vulgarism that I should not have thought it worthy of a place here, if I had not sometimes found it in works of considerable merit." Johnson says, "It is used *barbarously* for 'plentiful.'" Shakespeare uses the expression, but it is generally condemned.

On page 24, Mr. Gould, in speaking of the word "*firstly*," says, "No lexicographer has yet ventured to accredit it." If Mr. Gould will refer to that dictionary of which, at page 167, he speaks thus—"It is simple justice to say that Worcester's is the only American dictionary which deserves to be regarded as a standard of English orthography," he will find not only that the word is accredited, but that authorities are given for its use.

Of the phrase, "I differ with him in opinion," Mr. Gould says,—"it is an indefensible blunder, against which the taste, the ear, and the common sense of every educated man revolt, as a matter of course." As a matter of course, Mr. Gould's acquaintance with educated men qualifies him thus to speak; and equally "as a matter of course," Dr. Worcester cannot be considered an educated man, seeing that he says, in his *Dictionary of the English Language*, p. xi., "Differ with a person in opinion; from a person or thing in some quality."

The same excellent work condemns also Mr. Gould's strictures on the word "*graduated*," which he says (p. 102), "requires some part of the verb to be before it," and that we might as well say "*he born*," as say "*he graduated*." Was there ever such nonsense written by one professing to teach the proper use of the English language? Worcester gives

"GRADUATE, *v. n.* To take a degree; to become a graduate; to receive a diploma.—He graduated at Oxford."

Thus I might proceed, and fill column after column of *The Round Table* with exposures of Mr. Gould's errors. He says, "The quotations *would* suffice if Mr. Moon's rule on affirmative expressions is correct, but I deny its correctness." A writer on the properties of language should know that the above sentence is not correct. He should have said either "the quotations *would* suffice if Mr. Moon's rule *were* correct," or, "the quotations *will* suffice if Mr. Moon's rule is correct."

After finding such errors as these, can we wonder that Mr. Gould speaks of Dean Alford's "*generally accurate style*" (*Good English*, p. 115). "Birds of a feather, etc."

Mr. Gould says: "I would like [he means 'I should like,' *vide seq.*] to ask why Mr. Moon uses the adjective *strange* for the adverb *strangely* in this sentence: 'Mr. Gould's plea respecting a first edition sounds very *strange* to those who remember,' etc." It is evident from this remark that Mr. Gould would have said "it sounds very *strangely* to those who remember," etc. Strange inconsistency! See what he says respecting the phrase, "the trees looked *magnificently*" (*Good English*, page 49). "*Looked*" has here a strictly neuter meaning, and therefore should be followed by an adjective; the phrase being, virtually, this: the trees *appeared*, to the eye, magnificent. Now, I [not "*would like*," but] should like to know why "*sounded*, to the ear," must be followed by an adverb, while "*appeared*, to the eye," must be followed by an adjective. If this is a specimen of Mr. Gould's teaching, his pupils must be strangely puzzled by the instructions they receive.

Mr. Gould seems to conclude that every adverse opinion of his which I do not controvert is accepted by me as being correct. I beg that he will no longer deceive himself and his readers on that point; for it does not at all follow that because I do not reply to a certain counter-criticism I therefore assent to it. Here is an example of what I mean: Mr. Gould had said (*Good English*, page 204), "This passage is more commonly read *wrong*," etc. I expressed surprise that he had not used after the active verb "*read*" the adverb "*wrongly*." He replied that "*wrong*" is both an adverb and an adjective, and, consequently, that his sentence is correct. I did not consider the matter worth any more words, and therefore left his remarks unanswered; but as he has written again to *The Round Table* and said, "In due time I trust [he should have said, "*I trust that in due time*"] I shall hear Mr. Moon's rejoinder to my comments on that point," I give him my rejoinder thus: I am aware that "*wrong*" is frequently used adverbially. I am aware also that G. Brown, in his *Grammar of English Grammars*, pages 667, 670, says: "Adverbs that end in *ly* are in general preferable to those forms which, for want of this distinction, may seem like adjectives misapplied. Examples: 'By the numbers being confounded, and the possessives *wrong* applied, the passage is neither English nor grammar.' *Buchanan's Syntax*, page 123. Better thus: '*wrongly* applied,' see page 980. Again, 'The letter G is *wrong* named *jee*,' *Creighton's Dict.*, page 8. Better thus—'*wrongly* named,' see page 980." As this is the opinion of one to whom, as to an authority, Mr. Gould has referred me, and very properly so, I trust that he will be satisfied now.

With a view, I suppose, to relieve me of the ennui of his teaching, he very considerably varies his course of instruction and acquaints me with the fact that he is not only a careless writer, but also a careless reader. This last lesson is given as follows: I had said, "One cannot but smile at some of Mr. Gould's errors; they are so ingeniously droll." He asks, "Is not that use of *so* precisely the same as that which Mr. Moon ridicules in his second essay on *Good English*?" Certainly not. The sentence which I ridiculed is one in which the word "*so*" is used *without a relative clause*;

and that was the use of it which was condemned. But the above sentence has a relative clause. Can it really be necessary for me to transpose the sentence in order that Mr. Gould may perceive this? It seems so! Let me transpose it, then: "Some of Mr. Gould's errors are so droll [that] one cannot but smile at them." There is the relative clause.

With similar short-sightedness Mr. Gould says, "I find, moreover, that Mr. Moon frequently uses *so* in the same manner [better, "in the manner," the word "*same*" is here a redundancy] that he tells me (in his third essay) that demonstrative young ladies use it. Here is a sentence that contains a pair of them. [What! a pair of "*demonstrative young ladies*"? Certainly; there is no other plural noun, in Mr. Gould's paragraph, that can be referred to by his plural pronoun "*them*."] 'This ought not to be; for the effect of this error is so ridiculous, and the error itself may be so easily avoided.' With regard to the last quoted sentence, it too has a relative clause, and may be read thus: "For the effect of this error is so ridiculous, and the error itself may be so easily avoided [that] this ought not to be." There is the relative clause. Mr. Gould is, undoubtedly, a superficial reader! In the present English edition of *The Dean's English* the word "*so*" has been struck out of the passage—not for the sake of grammatical accuracy, but for terseness.

Again, in my second criticism on *Good English*, I spoke of the proper use of "*as—as*" and "*so—as*," and stated that the former of these expressions should be employed when we speak affirmatively, and the latter when we speak negatively; and I added that an exception to this rule occurs in sentences where the last of the said words precedes a verb in the infinitive mood: e. g., "An author should *so* write as to be clearly understood." Yet Mr. Gould has so "superficially" read the criticism which he pretends to criticise as altogether to overlook my statement of this exception; for he quotes a passage of mine in which I say, "I am lost in wonder how the author of *Good English* could so forget the proprieties of language as to speak in this manner;" and he says exultingly, "*Mem.* In the last above-quoted sentence Mr. Moon uses '*so—as*' without a negative!" Mr. Gould might have saved himself the trouble of writing that note of exclamation after his sentence. It stands as a memorial of his superficial reading.

He admits that he sometimes read the proof-sheets of his work superficially. But it is evident that that is not the only reading of his which has been superficial; witness the above, and also what follows. Mr. Gould had said, "cannot see why the clergyman should be *so*." But, for all that, he is *so*; it is in the nature of things that he should be *so*; and he is nearly helpless while he remains *so*. I condemned the passage for its tautology, remarking of the little word "*so*," here used, that "it occurs four times in four consecutive lines;" and I had previously said that it is often misused in Mr. Gould's *Good English*. Out of these simple statements, Mr. Gould conjures a false accusation which he charges me with having written, and says: "I conclude with this denial of Mr. Moon's assertion—I do not, in the foregoing quotation, 'four times misuse the word *so*.'" It is always painful to have to return upon a man a charge of making an untrue statement; but I am compelled to say that "Mr. Moon's assertion" of Mr. Gould's having "four times misused the word *so*," never had any existence but in Mr. Gould's own imagination; and let me add, I shall feel obliged if Mr. Gould will confine his "superficial" reading, in future, to his own proof-sheets, and not accuse me of misstatements, on the strength of a passage which, notwithstanding the inverted commas in which he has enclosed it, and which mark it as a quotation, is nowhere to be found in my criticism!

Mr. Gould now tells us that he has re-read *The Dean's English*; and he says, "That re-reading has enlightened me on one point. I find that I, at first, read the book superficially." Superficiality appears to be a characteristic feature of Mr. Gould's reading. We have seen evidences of it in much that he has written; and we have now a second confession of it from himself. However, consciousness of a bad habit in one's self is a very hopeful sign of ultimate emancipation from its thralldom; and therefore Mr. Gould must have our congratulations. In the meantime, evidences of his superficiality are not calculated to give us a very exalted idea of his qualifications for the office of public instructor. Beside, what dependence can be placed on the judgement of a man who at one time says (*Good English*, p. 135), "*Mr. Moon's book is a masterpiece both in its extreme accuracy of style and in its criticisms, and any one, after reading it, can see how well deserved is the commendation it has received;*" and at another time says that it is "*a not very accurately written book*?" The readers of these criticisms will smile not less at this change in Mr. Gould's views than at his apology for it.

The principal charge which he brings against *The Dean's English* is, that in certain passages in it there are nouns which are followed by present participles and yet are not in the possessive case. For instance, I say, on page 42, "I spoke of editors falling into mistakes." Again, page 56, "We may properly speak of a word being not strictly a neuter substantive, but we cannot properly speak of a substantive being strict." Mr. Gould says, "The three italicized words should be in the possessive case." I have well weighed Mr. Gould's opinion upon this matter, and have consulted the highest authorities, and am compelled still to differ with Mr. Gould. There are passages in *The Dean's English* which I had considered would be better

with the noun in the possessive case; and, in the present English edition of the work, they stand so; but in none of the above instances should Mr. Gould's alteration be made; as I will prove by quotations from an authority to which he himself has appealed.

I did not intend to reply to Mr. Gould's comments on this subject, because fully to discuss it would occupy more space than could be devoted to it here. It fills fourteen closely printed large octavo pages in *The Grammar of English Grammars*. Still, lest, being silent, my silence should be misconstrued, and a wrong impression be produced as to the value which I set upon Mr. Gould's remarks concerning nouns which precede present participles, I will quote from the above valuable work (second edition) a few passages treating of this nice point; merely prefacing those passages by the statement that I entirely agree with the opinions which they express:

"Though the ordinary syntax of the possessive case is sufficiently plain and easy, there is, perhaps, among all the puzzling and disputable points of grammar, nothing more difficult of decision than are some questions that occur respecting the right management of this case" (p. 503).

"This brings us again to that difficult and apparently unresolvable problem, whether participles as such, by virtue of their mixed gerundive character, can, or cannot, govern the possessive case; a question, about which, the more a man examines it, the more he may doubt" (p. 642).

"The following example, from *West's Letters*, is manifestly inconsistent with itself; and, in my opinion, the three possessives are all wrong: 'The kitchen too now begins to give dreadful note of preparation; not from armors accomplishing the knights, but from the shop maid's chopping force-meats, the apprentice's cleaning knives, and the journeyman's receiving a practical lesson in the art of waiting at table.' It should be: 'not from armors accomplishing the knights, but from the shop maid chopping force-meats, the apprentice cleaning knives, and the journeyman receiving,' etc. The nouns are the principal words, and the participles are adjuncts" (p. 643).

"The leading word in sense ought not to be made the adjunct in the construction; and the participle, if it remain such, ought rather to relate to its noun, as being the adjunct, than to govern it in the possessive case, as being the principal term" (p. 643).

"The daily instances of men's dying around us." Say rather, 'of men dying around us'" (p. 643).

"If such relations between the participle and the objective be disapproved, the substitution of the possessive case is liable to still stronger objections" (p. 644).

"The observations which have been made . . . show that possessives before participles are seldom to be approved" (p. 642).

Like one groping his way in the dark, and feeling about for something by which he may guide his steps, Mr. Gould repeatedly asks for authorities. But, surely, that which exists as a rule in grammar merely in virtue of its having been laid down by some once-celebrated grammarian, is valueless. Far better than all such authorities are the dictates of common sense, and a knowledge of the usages of the best society. I condemned Mr. Gould's use of "*would*" for "*should*" in the sentence, "*I would like*." He attempts a defence of his expression, by saying, "I mean that, as a matter of choice, option, will, I would like, and therefore my '*would*' is pure English, Mr. Moon to the contrary, notwithstanding." Mr. Gould then says, that if "*I would*" is incorrect, he really does not see "how Mr. Moon can escape the consequence of his criticism—namely, that in the thirty-seventh verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, 'how often *would I*,' ought to be changed to 'how often *should I*.'" This is another instance of Mr. Gould's "superficial" reading. My objection was not to the words "*I would*," but to the words, "*I would like*;" and the impropriety of the expression arises from the fact that *liking* is not under the control of the will. To do a thing, is certainly a matter of "*choice, option, will*;" but to like to do it, is a matter which it is not in the power of the will to determine. It is an idiom of the language that "*would*" in the first person—"I would," "*we would*"—expresses volition. But "*would*" in the second and third persons—"you would," "*they would*"—expresses simply the future. Mr. Gould can know very little about "*pure English*," if he is ignorant of this idiom of the language. Mr. G. W. Eveleth, of Fort Fairfield, attempts a metaphysical defence of the expression "*I would like*," and says, "*I would like to discover either Mr. Cragin or Mr. Moon at attempting to demonstrate the contrary;*" i. e., that the expression is wrong. I reply to Mr. Eveleth, in the words of Buttmann, as quoted by Sir Edmund W. Head, Bart., in his excellent little work, *Shall and Will*, p. 7: "*Man frage nicht warum—der Sprachgebrauch lässt sich nur beobachten.*" "The idiom of language admits only of being observed; let no man ask 'Why?'"

"Finally," Mr. Gould says, "I was agreeably surprised to find that the microscopic investigation of Mr. Moon has, thus far, detected so few errors in '*Good English*!'—I mean so few real errors!" It is a pity to disturb Mr. Gould's complaisant satisfaction in his own work; but I must remark that in the above sentence there is one of the drollest errors which a writer could possibly commit. Mr. Gould says, in effect, that he is surprised to find that a microscopic investigation of *me* has, thus far, detected so few errors in *Good English*! I really was not aware that I had been made the subject of microscopic investigation; and, even if I had, I should still be at a loss to comprehend how such an investigation of me could result in a detection of Mr. Gould's errors. Does he imagine that my perusal of his book has resulted in its errors being photographed on the retina of my eye, and that they are discoverable by means of the microscope? A "*microscopic investigation of Mr. Moon*!" What next? I could imagine that Mr. Gould had been reading the Rev. David Blair's *Practical Grammar*, and had thence acquired a horror of what has been called a double genitive, seeing that the foregoing nonsense is not occasioned by a printer's error, but by what is one of

Mr. Gould's usual modes of expression. I recommend him carefully to consider the difference that there is between the two following phrases: "*A portrait of Mr. Gould*," and "*a portrait of Mr. Gould's*." The former expression means a portrait of my worthy antagonist; the latter may mean a portrait of an old woman. But were I, in speaking of it, to follow Mr. Gould's example, and, dropping the possessive '*s*,' call the portrait of the old woman "*a portrait of Mr. Gould*," I fancy he would instantly awake to a consciousness of the absurdity of his own form of speech.

Yet, one word more. Mr. Gould, writing to *The Round Table* respecting those errors in his book which he purposes correcting in future editions, says: "I send you a list of the corrections, which you may publish if you think the game is worth the candle." (I must stop to express my admiration at the beauty, the appositeness, and the classic elegance of this last expression.) After the enumeration of errors, he says: "The foregoing list includes all the errors that I am thus far aware of. Many things have been specified by my critics which I do not admit to be errors; and many notices of my book have been published which I have not seen." Mr. Gould has undoubtedly seen the notices of his book which have been published in *The Round Table*; for he quotes from them. How is it, then, that he altogether ignores the exposure of that which has been there described as the "*climax*" of his errors? Has he, for very shame, abstained from mentioning it, and is it to be secretly altered, or is it really to be left unaltered in future editions? Speaking of the omission of the final '*s*' at the end of proper names in the possessive case, Mr. Gould says (*Good English*, p. 79): "Byron made short work of that when he wrote,

"And ere the faithless truce was broke
Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,
With him his gentle daughter came;
Nor there since Menelaus's dame
Forsook," etc.

"In that case," says Mr. Gould, "the printer may do what he pleases with the final '*s*—use it or omit it; but the reader will take care to pronounce it—if he knows how to read."

"If he knows how to pronounce," says the learned critic in *The Round Table*, "the reader will take care to read the line in this manner:

"Nor there since Men-e-la-us's dame—"

in which we look in vain for Mr. Gould's possessive *s*.

Happily, Mr. Gould's ignorance of Greek pronunciation is counterbalanced by the beautifully modest diffidence which he manifests in delivering his valuable opinion upon it.

Respecting "*the list of corrections*" from which Mr. Gould has omitted the above gem, he says, with amusing conceit, in a subsequent letter, "*I regard my list of corrections as a damaging reply (in anticipation) to Mr. Moon's present essay.*" Little does Mr. Gould seem to know that when a man thus speaks in his own praise, his doing so is accepted by all as indisputable evidence that he considers it necessary!

Thus end my criticisms on Mr. Gould's *Good English*.
LONDON, November 7, 1867.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CRETE AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The last number of *The Round Table* contained an article on Crete, the scholarly character of which is worthy of the highest praise. But I cannot approve of its conclusions. Crete is already a provisional government and will soon be a *de facto* government; there is as much probability of its returning to the way of Turkey as for the American colonies to that of Great Britain. The Cretans took a part in the Grecian war of independence and conquered their liberties along with Greece. Subsequently, by the treachery of foreign powers, they were sold to Egypt and then to Turkey. The Christians being in the majority in the island they do not want to be ruled by Turks. For nearly two years they have fought now, and they are determined to fight for many years more until they have expelled the Turkish forces.

That these are not as formidable as your article represents them to be is evident from the fact that after two years of warfare they have been unable to conquer the islanders.

The Grecian nationality is endeavoring to restore its ancient glory. In this attempt they should receive our sympathy and not our cold doubts. The Greeks are at present already the masters of Turkey, as far as intellect and industry and civilization are concerned. They monopolize the commerce, establish churches and schools, and diffuse far and wide the blessing of Christian civilization. What Gibbon said of the Turks—that they are only encamped in Europe—is as true to-day, and truer still, than when he uttered this remark.

The Greeks scattered in Turkey want their liberty. It is galling to a superior race to be saddled to the yoke of an inferior race, and there is just as much reason for the Apaches clutching the rule of New York or Vermont as for the Turks to impose theirs upon Crete or Epirus. It is because Greece is weak, in consequence of her present small dominion, that Crete, Thessaly, Epirus, and the other Grecian settlements have to be added to her empire so as to give her that expanse of power which is necessary for the development of her commercial and political genius. I can well imagine that Mohammedan England, with her millions of Moslem Hindoo subjects, props up the totter-

ing power of Turkey from a fear of the advance of Russia and of the downfall of her own Mohammedan empire in the far East. I can also understand that Napoleon should pursue a shifting policy in the East, one day coquetting with Pope and Sultan and the next day with the Christian and Grecian communities. But for America, who has no sinister part to play in the Oriental question, she can only sympathize with the heroic efforts of the Cretans and the Greeks, and regard the downfall of Turkey and the rise of Greece as one of the brightest achievements of the nineteenth century.

Congress has already expressed the feelings of the American people on this subject, and will soon take further measures with a view to the relief of the Cretans, whose heroism is unprecedented in modern and ancient history.

NEW YORK, Dec 31, 1867.

LETTER FROM MR. GOULD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I suppose that I may regard the fifth essay of Mr. Moon, in *The Round Table* of November 23, as the end of our discussion on *Good English*. But the discussion has continued for so long a time, and is left by Mr. Moon in such an unfinished state, that I think a brief summary of the case as it now stands may be acceptable to your readers.

The things properly and chiefly to be considered are such of the points taken by me against Mr. Moon's criticisms as Mr. Moon has left unanswered: because, being unanswered, they are virtually admitted. Mr. Moon allows them to stand against him on the record, by default. I will specify them separately.

Mr. Moon said, the "he caricatures instead of quotes Shakespeare," is good English. I showed that it is not so.

He said, that "also," on page 61 of my book, is both misplaced and superfluous. I showed that it is neither.

He said, that "wrong" is not an adverb. I showed that it is an adverb.

He said, that I misuse the word "so." I showed that he does not know the meaning of "so."

He said, that I use *so*—as where I should have used *as*—*as*. I showed that he does not understand the rule that controls the use of the two expressions.

He said, that I am chargeable with "tautology" for twice using the word *statement* in a certain sentence: but he meant repetition, not tautology. I showed that the repetition is not a fault in that case. I have since shown that he does not understand the meaning of *tautology*.

He said, that I commit the school-boy's blunder of mixing metaphors in my remarks on Webster: and he quoted from some Irishman a sentence which, by implication, he averred to be a counterpart of mine. I showed that I did not mix my metaphors; and that, if he really understood what mixing metaphors is, he intentionally misrepresented my language by comparing it with the Irishman's.

He said, that I misuse the word "deal." I showed that he does not understand the meaning of *deal*.

He said, that an expression of mine on page 105 of *Good English* is "ingeniously droll." I showed that it is not "droll."

He said, that I misuse the word "them" on page 11 of *Good English*. I showed that I do not there misuse the word.

Those items, ten in number, stand against Mr. Moon on the record, unanswered. There are two points which he attempts to answer.

The first is, his charge of my misplacing the word "only," on page 105 of my book. I disposed of that matter in *The Round Table* of August 10; and, more particularly, in a separate note, August 17. Mr. Moon's present renewal of that subject is in total disregard of my answer, and is simply a perversion of the facts of the case. Of course, I shall not wade through his half-column of practical misrepresentation, in order to refute it. He presumes on the lapse of time and on the chances that what I wrote has been forgotten.

The second is, the "coin" and "endorsement" matter. Mr. Moon revives this not to retract his misstatement about my use of the word "coin" (he coolly leaves his disproved assertion as he made it), but to introduce a new issue as to the meaning of "currency." He devotes a very elaborate half-column to the disproving, or discrediting, of my definition of that word. And, not content with that, he imprudently defies me to tell *whose dictionary* is my authority for my definition. His tone is that of a man who is exposing another man's ignorance. Unfortunate for himself, he is exposing his own.

If Mr. Moon will take the trouble to look at two tolerably well-accredited English dictionaries—one by Johnson, and the other by Walker—he will find several definitions of "currency"; and, among them, this—"paper passing for money."

Mr. Moon probably never committed a worse blunder "on paper" than when he refused to retract his misstatement about "coin," and raised this new issue about "currency." He has involved himself in a very discreditable dilemma by his—to use a very mild word—disingenuousness. In reply to my definition Mr. Moon says:

"I have been unable to find that particular, exclusive meaning in any of our principal dictionaries. I have searched Worcester, Webster, Richardson, Ogilvie, Craig, and Chambers, but all in vain. I judge, therefore, that, so far from its being the meaning of 'currency,' it is only a secondary meaning of the word; probably an Americanism."

There is a strange audacity in the first sentence of that

quotation. Does Mr. Moon suppose that the readers of *The Round Table* are to be misled by the *suggestive falsi* of his word *exclusive*? I assure him that the dullest among them—supposing any of them is dull—knows that I have intimated nothing about an "exclusive meaning;" that the idea of such exclusiveness is foreign to my argument; and that, speaking generally, English words have no "exclusive meaning." That word seems to have been introduced by Mr. Moon for the purpose of providing a quibble in advance, to be used by him afterward, if I reply to the apparent meaning of his sentence; for, of course, an *exclusive* meaning of a word, which everybody knows has several meanings, would be sought for in any dictionary "in vain."

But, waiving that—though not losing sight of it—I would like to know whether Mr. Moon looked for "currency" in Johnson or Walker? If he did not, *why* he did not? And, whether the books of those lexicographers are, or are not, among "our principal dictionaries?"

And I would like to enquire further, how Mr. Moon could venture to say that "he has been unable to find" my definition of *currency* "in any of our principal dictionaries"—for that is his assertion when divested of the quibble involved in his word "exclusive"—when every unabridged copy of either Johnson's or Walker's dictionary in the three kingdoms contains the words "paper passing for money?"

Having thus stated the present condition of the discussion on *Good English*, I will now say a few words on the three things which Mr. Moon informs me that he has learned from my replies to his criticisms.

I. He has learned "that a writer on the proprieties of language may say of a Latin quotation concerning matters of taste, that 'the proverb is something musty.'" Those are Mr. Moon's italics; and I suppose they mean that "something musty" appertains to the "improprieties of language." In plainer terms, Mr. Moon considers the expression *vulgar*. Well, perhaps it is vulgar. I have never so regarded it; and I have this good reason for not feeling myself called on to defend it from Mr. Moon's imputation, namely, that I know, though Mr. Moon seems not to know, that the words were originally written by a man whose memory will probably outlive mine by at least "half-a-year," even if I should "build churches!" I omitted the quotation marks when I copied the line, merely because I thought that their use with such a familiar expression would be supererogatory. But I must say, that in the wildest range of my imagination, I did not conceive that the omission of the inverted commas would lead any educated man to suppose the line to be *mine*!! If Mr. Moon will search Shakespeare somewhat more diligently than he "searched our principal dictionaries," he may find—

"HAMLET. Ay, sir; but, while the grass grows — the proverb is something musty."

This is a second instance of Shakespeare's ill luck in not having known Mr. Moon's philological views.

II. Mr. Moon has "learned, also, that it is not inelegant to say, a word 'smacks of attempted prettiness in style,'" etc. Again the italics are Mr. Moon's; and they no doubt mean that "smacks" is "inelegant"; or, in plainer phrase, *vulgar*. Mr. Moon in this matter, as in many others, is perplexed with a confusion of ideas. He is thinking of the vulgarity of "smack" in the sense of *kiss*, and thence he oscillates or vacillates between "secondary meanings" and "Americanisms." But so long as *smack* means *savor*, and our best writers use it in that sense—"it savors in attempted prettiness"—I decline to acknowledge the justice of Mr. Moon's sarcasm.

III. Mr. Moon has learned that "a corrector of the English of other writers may, himself, indulge in slang, and say 'he will come to grief.'" Does Mr. Moon know the meaning of the word *slang*? I suppose he does not.

Mr. Moon says: "I regret that anything in my criticisms should have given offence to Mr. Gould. I regret that he should have taken offence where no offence was intended."

I am not conscious of having in any way spoken discourteously of him."

There is something in the coolness and innocence of those sentences that "approaches the sublime;" something which I think will lead the readers of *The Round Table* of July 20 and August 10 to draw their own conclusions as to Mr. Moon's claim to the character of a gentleman.

EDWARD S. GOULD.

[With the article of Mr. Moon in this number and the letter of Mr. Gould printed above—each of which has been for some time in hand and crowded out by press of matter—we suggest to both our esteemed correspondents the propriety of bringing their controversy to a close. The papers of both gentlemen have been read with great interest and instruction, and many letters have been received at this office expressive of the value attached by the writers to this particular philological discussion. On the other hand, some readers have murmured at the space allotted to it, and we must all admit that this has been considerable. We have made it a point to print the articles of Mr. Gould and Mr. Moon exactly as we have received them, without the least excision or alteration; we trust, therefore, that the former gentleman will excuse us for expressing the opinion that, had he given the last few lines of his present letter a little more consideration, he would scarcely have asked us to print them as they stand.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

THE NILE INUNDATIONS.*

MR. BAKER, as those who read his *Albert N'yanza* a year ago will recall, made at its commencement an ellipsis of the doings of an entire twelvemonth, promising to detail them in a future work, and passed on directly to the narration of his five years' struggle to gain the Albert N'yanza, the source of the entire Nile—the great object of his expedition. The volume he now gives us is the fulfilment of this promise, and its interest, though of a different sort, is certainly not inferior to that of its predecessor. At the outset of the journey the necessity became evident of acquiring the Arabic language as a preliminary to intercourse with the natives. Then, beside the source of the Nile, there was to be discovered the source of its annual inundations which alone make it a useful river, bearing life and fertility into Egypt. Both these objects were effected during this preliminary year, in which he diverged from the Nile and, with a following of Arabs and Tokrooris, examined all the great Abyssinian streams that flow into it—the Setitte, Royan, Angrab, Salaam, forming the Atbara; and the Rahad and Dinder, swelling the Blue Nile.

At the outset of this tour—which left the Nile at Berber, following the bank of the Atbara river, and began toward the close of May (1861)—they found the Atbara dead, its bed a floor of glaring sand, not a blade of grass to be seen, and the trees and bushes leafless from the intense heat. In the river channel, however, were occasional pools which had been left from the last flood, and which, varying in size "from only a few hundred yards to a mile in length, are positively full of life; huge fish, crocodiles of immense size, turtles, and occasionally hippopotami, consort together in close and unwished-for proximity;" while the animals of the desert—gazelles, hyenas, wild asses—the flocks of the Arabs, and birds, are all collected about these rare spots where water is to be had, affording, of course, extraordinary facilities for the commencement of the sport that afterward becomes so exciting. But on the 23d of June all this was changed. After an overpowering attack of the simoom there was heard early in the night a low uninterrupted roll like distant thunder that quickly grew to a roar, and when morning came there was the river fifteen hundred feet in width and from fifteen to twenty in depth, bearing down the debris and mud of the inundation. There had been no rain, not a cloud, and the explanation, afterward proved, suggested itself, that the rains in Abyssinia were the cause of the fertility of Egypt through the annual inundation, penetrating the porous soil, bearing away the more soluble portions of earth, carrying off the undermined banks, until the Atbara "becomes the thickness of pea-soup" and bears its rich soil to the Nile and so to Egypt and its Delta. The subsequent explorations proved this beyond a doubt. The numerous tributary streams of the Atbara, torrents in the season, empty ditches out of it, rise in the Abyssinian mountain chain, which is not a mere line of peaks but the abrupt descent from an immense plateau, and pours into them the entire drainage from the immense rainfall of June, July, August, and a part of September. Nature could scarcely have made a more beautiful or bountiful provision for these rainless regions than by drawing from Abyssinia the water to irrigate them and the rich mud to fertilize. But the stupid beings who live along the wonderful river, watching with the most intense interest for the inundation, and working, crowded and industrious, upon the small surface that is fertile of its own accord, have never exerted themselves to utilize the immense boon at their disposal. The buffalo-turned water-wheel is now as it has been for centuries their only means of raising a little water from the stream to dribble over their fields. Meanwhile the mud that has made the prolific delta is allowed to be carried down, closing the mouths of the Nile, blocking up harbors, threatening to choke the Suez canal, and gradually making a delta under the Mediterranean, whereas, by the simple engineering device Sir Samuel Baker points out, this invaluable deposit might readily be diverted so as to make of the whole surrounding region, from Soudan to the sea, one of the most productive spots in the world. From Khartoum to the river's mouth, sixteen degrees of latitude, there is a fall of fifteen hundred feet, affording unlimited facilities for dams and weirs, whereby the mud and the water—the latter at all seasons—might be distributed through the land, while by sluice-gates and canals continuous navigation would be secured to Gondokoro, the farthest limit of non-savage life, twenty-seven degrees of latitude south from Alexandria.

But a small portion of Sir Samuel Baker's portly volume is engrossed by the solution of the great problem of the Nile inundation, and its chief bulk is devoted to the unparalleled temptations to the sportsman, and the marvellous

* *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword Hunters of the Hamran Arabs.* By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S., etc. etc. London: Macmillan & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

exploits of himself and the intrepid Hamran Arabs, who encounter, with no weapon but the sword, the most formidable game—the giraffe, hippopotamus, elephant, even the rhinoceros and the lion, and usually with success. Upon this portion of the book, which gives it a degree of exciting interest second to that of no work on African adventure we have seen, and is calculated to inspire the sportsman with envious despair, we cannot dwell, and in lieu of illustrative extracts must refer readers to its pages with the assurance that by comparison those of a novel will seem but dull and insipid. The route traversed, namely, up the Atbara, its tributary, the Setitte, and its tributary, in turn, the Royan; thence, after many excursions, across south-westerly to the Rahad and Dinder, and down them to the Blue Nile, which was followed to its junction with the Nile at Khartoum, lay chiefly without the confines of Abyssinia, which it entered only on the northwest of that country. Some of the best hunting, however, was obtained in Shendy, a debatable ground claimed by Egypt but really belonging to Abyssinia, which was under the rule of one Mek Nimmur, a most valorous brigand, who was a constant thorn in the side of the Egyptians, and therefore a valued friend of King Theodore, as interposing an effectual barrier between him and his, then, most formidable enemy. On the whole, Sir Samuel Baker and his heroic wife had a good time of it during this year of preparation. There were, to be sure, drawbacks of a very serious kind, aside from the almost daily perils of their formidable hunts. During the rainy season, marching and hunting are impracticable, the mud knee-deep, fevers prevalent, the terrible seroot fly and vermin of all kinds in swarms, and some six unhealthy weeks of "a complete vapor bath" at its close, in September and October. During the dry season, on the other hand, "every variety of herb and bush is more or less armed with lances, swords, daggers, bayonets, knives, spikes, needles, pins, fish-hooks, hay-forks, harpoons, and every abomination in the shape of points," so that one is thoroughly scarified until it becomes dry enough to fire the grass and make roads wholesale. But all this was holiday sport by comparison with the terrible years of sufferings and trials, the incessant vexations from the treacherous and brutish niggers of the interior, which befell Sir Samuel and Lady Baker in the journey to the Nile sources of which we have already been told—a journey which, it seems, is now to be repeated with the view of meeting Dr. Livingstone as he comes northward from Zanzibar and Lake Tanganyika toward the two N'yanzas of Speke and Grant and of Baker.

FROUDE'S ESSAYS.*

WHETHER approaches this volume through the same author's *History of England*, which has been received with so much favor in this country, will take it up with keen curiosity to know Mr. Froude's more personal opinions. For we look to an established author's essays for those chippings, and in some cases formative studies, which were the first indications of his genius. But we doubt not that nine out of ten of Mr. Froude's readers will lay down his *Short Studies* with disappointment. When compared with the standard English essayists, such as Macaulay and Carlyle and Wilson, his efforts seem very slight and weak, and nothing but the very satisfactory success of his history could have saved these articles from deserved oblivion. It is a mistake for every writer who, after a struggle, at last obtains recognition, to put forward his early efforts, unless the genius in them be unusually marked; and we cannot discover in Mr. Froude qualities which make his case an exception to the rule.

We are at a loss to analyze his mental gifts. He is not a philosophical thinker; he seems hardly to be a thorough student; his style is loose and flabby, with little point, and generally with the words arranged in the order which is worst for effectiveness; he neither makes good pictures nor condenses his sayings into a brilliant sentence; and yet he must have positive abilities to hold the editorial chair of *Fraser*, and his history certainly shows industry and freshness of treatment and statement. He is not enough of a literary man to be praised, and yet he has too much merit to be condemned. There is a business-like force about much of his writing which somehow carries you along. We should call him a weak dilution of Carlyle. We regret thus to write of a distinguished author and to seem to start a literary heresy; but we have had every disposition to think well of the writer and have given all his works an unbiased reading.

To speak plainly, there is a dry rot in men like Mr. Froude which in a great measure destroys their usefulness. He is off the hooks in his religious faith. He is one of those many Protestants to whom all the facts of the Christian faith seem but the shifting opinions of men; he has no faith, no hold upon eternal truths, and we are almost ready to believe that he does not care to rest upon them. It argues a good deal that a man in middle life, writing the

history of a really religious people at a great national crisis, should show himself, in such an article as the *Plea for the Free Discussion of Theological Difficulties*, to be merely a tentative enquirer and on the whole an objector against the religion of his countrymen. This touches the weak point of his history, as conceded by men of all religious parties, but it goes down deeper. In a writer who has addressed himself to so mighty a task, it shows a radical want of self-knowledge and a general defect of mental judgement. Mr. Froude conveys the idea that the clergy of England are hopelessly imbecile in shirking theological difficulties; that the weight of authority is with the sceptics; and that what we need is to have every religious truth tried in the court of public opinion. Any facts or truths beyond the resolving power of human reason he does not believe in. His mind seems to have lost its balance in these matters; and he perpetually suggests the doubt but does not advance boldly and honestly to its solution. He is, we fear, a concealed enemy to Christianity. His method in religious discussion shows, at all events, a one-sidedness of judgement and partiality of temper which have been aptly set forth in the criticism upon the Irish portion of his history in a late number of *The Contemporary Review*. Mr. Froude is the last man in the world to write religious history. It is better to have a strong partisan, like Macaulay or Lingard, as the historian of our country than the polite sceptic who treats the whole matter with well or ill-bred contempt.

Now, we have always held that if a man allowed himself to think loosely, and assert indiscriminately this and that religious opinion—these subjects being so grave and serious as they are—this defect of careful judgement must betray itself in matters of less moment. This seems to be the solution of Mr. Froude's vagaries. He began his literary life with the publication of *The Nemesis of Faith*, which we have no hesitation in calling one of the worst, because most unfair, expositions of Christianity in literature; the author seems in the present volume to have filled up his latest leisure hours with the repetition of the same ill-judged objections. In his paper on *Criticism and the Gospel History* he even dared Dean Alford or Bishop Ellicott to a statement of the origin of the gospels—a taunt which Dean Alford has satisfactorily met in the July number of *The Contemporary Review*, by showing that Mr. Froude was ignorant of what he was writing about. Had not these ungenerous and partially masked assaults upon the foundations of religious truth been repeated with studied persistency in Mr. Froude's latest publication, we should not have cared to dwell upon this feature of his writing in a literary criticism. He has not the manliness and earnestness of the author of *Ecce Homo*, whose work in some respects is a contribution to the religious literature of our time, but seems to have a number of stock objections to Christianity which he cares not to put away by honest investigation. We have never yet been aware that the Christian Church ignores difficulties or conceals weaknesses, as he represents; and were he not now an eminent writer, his platitudes on this subject would be too puerile to attract the notice of educated men. It is a public misfortune that such thinkers undertake the history of a religious people. They make a martyr of truth and keep better men from the task. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Froude is the brother of the lamented Richard Hurrell Froude, the real genius of the Tractarian movement. If so, he pairs off with the Newman brothers, one of whom has thought himself into bald deism and the other into the larger faith of Rome.

Mr. Froude seems most at home in English history; off this ground his papers have slight value. The best things in the present volume are the three lectures on *The Times of Erasmus and Luther*, that on *The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character*, and the two essays on *The Dissolution of the Monasteries and England's Forgotten Worthies*. The lecture on *The Science of History* is very poor. It is largely a dry discussion of Mr. Buckle's way of writing history, with brief commonplaces about historical methods. The two most ambitious papers are *The Book of Job and Spinoza*, neither of which have we attempted to read. That on *Homer* is the only really genial and winning paper in the volume. The essay on *The Philosophy of Catholicism* does not at all fulfil the promise of the title, but is rather a synopsis of the facts of theological history. Its title would indicate an enquiry into the philosophical principles of the Christian Church.

Such is the volume we have very imperfectly noticed—rather by a statement of the underlying principles of the author as shown in his various literary efforts, than by a minute criticism of the several essays. The volume is not without literary blemishes. Mr. Froude is often slipshod and incorrect in point of good English, and he has a prevailing bad habit of beginning a new paragraph with the word "and." We cannot but regard it as unfortunate for his reputation that this volume was ever published, and its religious portion is so made up of plausible conjectures and tentative pleadings (the most insidious form of religious doubt) that we could well wish it had never been written.

LIBRARY TABLE.

TUCKERMAN'S *Book of the Artists*. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867.—Never was art more regarded than at present. The vocation of the genuine artist has lifted and is still lifting itself into consideration. Long since has the age of patronage passed away, to be gradually supplanted by the age of universal competition. The painter no longer seeks a patron, papal or princely; he sends his picture to an annual exhibition, or, what is perhaps better still, to daily exhibition in the well-lighted rooms of one of a novel class of commission merchants, who find their account in dealing in these refined wares. The public of the artist is a thousandfold enlarged and multiplied. For every picture bought in the last century hundreds are bought to-day; and not blindly bought. Twenty-five years ago, visiting in Rome, with Crawford, the studio of a Tyrolese, the painter, after showing us his stores, took us into a neighboring room, where a young countryman had lately set up his easel. We were all struck with the promise of his unpractised handiwork. Crawford asked the price of a small landscape, the only thing finished. "It is sold," said the Tyrolese. "There!" exclaimed Crawford—and well do we recall his animation—"painters are ever complaining of neglect; but when you come upon a good picture it is almost sure to be already sold." Not only is the artist's public immeasurably enlarged, it is greatly improved. What with artistic culture through travel, through discussion of æsthetic topics in books and journals and conversation, art is both theoretically and practically better understood by the educated classes than ever before; its claims are more genially and intelligently admitted. Large and growing are the favored numbers who perceive that to all who are sensitive to their tender light, good pictures and sculpture are an illumination in a room.

Of this enlargement as well as improvement, the rich, copious volume of Mr. Tuckerman, just published in such handsome style by the Messrs. Putnam, is a striking and, to Americans, a most gratifying exemplification. We, who are not yet out of the first century of our national history, have already a consistent body of native art, of the extent and quality of which few have been fully aware. The proofs of this possession are here attractively, convincingly, spread before us. We have a diversified corps of aspiring painters and sculptors, more and more numerous every added year; and in this volume we have their lives, their endeavors, their struggles, their achievements recorded by the one pen best qualified in the whole land for the genial work. Good work is not done without love for it. From his youth to the present day Mr. Tuckerman has been the valued friend and associate of artists. His enjoyment of their company, his sympathy with their work, caused between them and him a cordiality without which we should not and could not have had the present volume. Their hearts as well as their studios were opened to him. He has known personally most of those whose names crowd his table of contents. Artists, who are mostly men of marked individuality, are apt to be rich in personal or professional anecdotes; many of them have undergone strange vicissitudes; the early years of some are colored by touching incidents or unusual adventures, all bearing upon or growing out of their professional endeavors. Of these treasures, so precious, biographically and critically, Mr. Tuckerman has been made the chosen keeper. Thirty years ago he stood beside the now white-headed Powers, when he first opened upon the sights of Florence his large, glaring, American eyes, too eagle-like to be dazzled by any European splendor, and seeing at a glance what was true and what was false; and but yesterday he dropped the right word into the right ear, whereby to give a timely help to some promising young genius.

The large elaborate volume, full of biographical and æsthetic aliment, numbers over six hundred pages. Of these the *Introduction* takes up forty, and *Early Portrait Painters* thirty. Then comes the largest division of the work, covering more than three hundred pages, and devoted to biographico-critical notices of twenty-seven painters and sculptors, beginning with Copley and ending with Bierstadt. The next hundred pages are given to *Portraiture, Genre and Historical Painters*, to the number of ninety. The *Landscape Painters* occupy a hundred, and the *Sculptors* about seventy pages. Then follows an appendix giving a list of *American Pictures in Public and Private Collections*. The whole concludes with a valuable alphabetical index.

Manners; or, Happy Homes and Good Society all the Year Round. By Mrs. Hale. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1868.—There never was a book more needed, nor one better calculated to meet certain requirements of the present age, than that which Mrs. Hale has judiciously and industriously composed for the advantage of the rising generation. She treats of matters which, not belonging to scholastic education, are too often neglected among us, and the result is that when our young people escape being timorous and bashful, they assume a kind of premature manhood and become positive and self-sufficient, with neither the grace of youth nor the dignity of age. As men are social beings and their interests are of necessity intertwined, it is desirable not only that they should help and sustain one another, but that they should in youth acquire a perfect knowledge of the best rules by which their conduct is to be governed, so as to produce that spirit of mutual harmony in the intercourse of daily life which results from the exercise of urbanity and politeness, always consistent with sincerity.

* *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. New York: C. Scribner & Co. 1867.

In the earlier chapters Mrs. Hale speaks of home with a due sense of the importance of that institution wherein "man is the worker or provider, the protector and the law-giver; woman is the preserver, the teacher or inspirer, and exemplar." After which come the all-important subjects of food, clothing, language, and recreation, which last—a matter too little heeded among us—is admirably dealt with; and the chapter on society is followed by *Hints* regarding conduct which, with other suggestions following each important essay, are well worthy of serious attention. While inculcating a deep reverence and solemn observance of things holy, Mrs. Hale by no means sympathizes with those gloomy people who seek to destroy and crush all the honest and spontaneous emotions of youth; she recognizes the value of cheerfulness, the hilarity which belongs to a sound mental and bodily condition, the gaiety which enables young people to fight the great battle of life and endure its crosses and mortifications with hopeful patience. Of all sensible pleasure Mrs. Hale heartily approves, and wisely—without setting too great a value on them—inculcates a use of them within proper limitations. In *A Plea for Dancing* she says:

"While the poor feet commit an unpardonable sin, should they, in obedience to the volition of their owner, keep time in joyful spring to music-stirring sound, the more favored tongue may run riot uncontrolled, hacking and hewing character, reading and ruining charity, tearing and trampling upon truth; and yet no note of warning sounds forth, no voice is raised to check the fearful wrong so often caused by such unbridled license. Christian mother! I ask you, in the sight of God, which is the greater wrong?"

Foreign Travel and Letter Writing are highly instructive chapters, but perhaps there are none more useful in their teachings than those containing rules for behavior in society, at parties, receptions, and in fact in every possible condition of life. The maxims are sound, the taste refined, and the tone of the work moral and elevated.

Princess Ilse: A Story of the Harz Mountain. By L. Von Plönnies. Translated from the twenty-fourth German edition by an American lady. With an introduction by John L. Lincoln, professor in Brown University. Illustrated Edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1867.—The extraordinary popularity which this curious allegory has won in its author's own country seems not undeserved, so far as we can judge from a very smooth and, as we are assured by Professor Lincoln, an accurate and skilful translation. As the professor also remarks, the story is thoroughly German in conception and execution—so much so that it is difficult for an English mind to thoroughly appreciate its beauty—but is withal so simply and well told that it can scarcely fail to be entertaining. Children whose age permits them the enviable privilege of ignoring the very obvious moral will probably find it doubly delightful.

Legends of the Wars in Ireland. By Robert Dwyer Joyce, M.D. Boston: James Campbell. 1868.—In the compass of this small and neatly printed volume of 352 12mo pages, Dr. Joyce has collected a mass of adventures sufficient to furnish a score of sensation novelists with materials for an active campaign. Heroes whose prowess is only equalled by their physical beauty, and heroines whose loveliness is surpassed by their constancy and virtue, are put, on almost every page—by the skill of the author and the craft of Sassenach villains—into such scrapes as only Irishmen and lovers ever get out of; and from beginning to end the reader is kept on the rack of anxiety for the fate of some one or other of those bold Rapparee chieftains who did the Fenian business and their Saxon pursuers in the days of Cromwell and Dutch William. Except that the excitement is a little too concentrated and continuous for unreliable nerves, and the style at times a trifle ambitious, we have no fault to find with a book which is for the most part unpretending in its manner and amusing in its matter. To young people interested in Irish history we should think it would be particularly fascinating.

The Will-o'-the-Wisp. (Die Irrlichter.) A Fable. Translated from the German by Miss L. Kitty Onstien. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.; London: S. Low, Son & Co. 1868.—One of those odd, charming fancies about talking plants and birds and flowers which seem almost indigenous in German literature, Miss Onstien has earned the gratitude of all good English-reading children by oversetting gracefully enough into the vernacular. Through an animated colloquy between a certain Water-lily, a vivacious Fire-fly, a sombre Bat, a cynical Owl, a benevolent Oak, several loquacious Grass-tufts, and various Will-o'-the-wisp, who represent themselves as the spirits of defunct earthly lights, is evolved the story of a love whose various stages these Jack-o'-lanterns as candle, lamp, or taper-flame have illuminated and witnessed. The fable is prettily conceived and told and, except in the unnecessary sadness of its ending, seems well fitted to amuse the little folks.

THE MAGAZINES.

Philadelphia's tardy contribution to first-class periodical literature is before us in the shape of *Lippincott's Magazine*, with a cover of tasteful design but of a color that will not wear well, and in a print which one compares with that of *The Atlantic* without being able to choose between them—far superior, therefore, in its beauty to any other of its rivals. The *place d'honneur* is given to the opening chapters of *Dallas Galbraith*, which enter at once upon a tale of a nearly forgotten, now detected crime in one of the old-time isolated coast villages of New Jersey. The story has force and originality, and is well told, giving decided prom-

ise of something above the level of the average American novel. The remaining fiction consists of *The Forget-Me-Not*, a Christmas story translated from the German, and *Vox Humana*, a tenderly told death-bed confession to the attendant Sister of Charity of Gretchen Koenig, the woman-organist, whose husband is won from her by her rival, a superb singer. *The Necessity of Education in a Republic* is a consideration of the evils that have befallen us and the greater ones that threaten us from ignorant suffrage, but it contains no new or forcible thought and is chiefly valuable as an indication that we are to have another influential source whence these momentous problems are to be urged upon public attention. There are reassuring papers, of a class which we should rejoice to see equally well done in more of our non-scientific periodicals,—the one *Pre-Historic Man*, a popular statement of archaeological and paleontological discoveries of the last twenty years—the French and other caves of human bones, arms, and utensils, the Celtic dolmens, the lucustrine cities of Switzerland, and other evidences of human inhabitants of either continent ages before, according to old chronological notions, men existed; the other is *The Abbé Brasseur and his Labors*, an appreciative sketch of the studies and works of the most learned investigator of the Aztec civilization and American antiquities, a man less known than the interest and value of his books already issued and now appearing warrant. Another article of an excellent kind, one that makes a stand against our over-practical utilitarian irreverence for local monuments of by-gone times, is the first part of *The Old Slate-roof House*, a chapter of the history and associations of the famous Swedish house, venerated as an antique a century and a quarter ago, where dwelt William Penn, but which has been long abandoned to decay, and is now, or is soon, to be swept away by vandalic "improvement;" most of the paper is devoted to a tableau of the sort whose popularity has been established by the *Schönborg-Cotta* books, of the families of the spot in the old Quaker days when it was William Penn's home, and it is sure to be read with interest not by Philadelphians alone. Less different in subject than in treatment is *Our Ancient City*, a sketch of a winter spent in St. Augustine by a Philadelphian who feels that in his sojourn in this relic of Spanish civilization he realized the nursery wish,

"I'd leave the world and climb a tree,
And pull the tree up after me."

Two pleasant essays—*Rays from the Honeymoon* and one on epicurean aesthetics—a financial review which urges the reduction of the currency to its normal limit, and two short poems, one mediocre, one rather pretty, complete the contents down to the editor's department. About this we cannot feel enthusiastic; this feature in a magazine inevitably provokes comparison with Mr. Curtis's *Easy Chair* in *Harper's*, a comparison which only a very rare pen indeed—such as is certainly not to be found here—ought to court. With less allowance than is generally to be made for initial numbers, *Lippincott's* may fairly be passed to a high place among our very few really good magazines.

The Galaxy for January comes to us bright with a new cover of so fresh and attractive a design that only a hypercritical eye would pause to detect in the drawing certain slight inaccuracies of detail. The contents are much the same as usual, neither better nor worse. The first part of Mr. Henry James, Jr.'s, *Story of a Masterpiece* introduces us to a somewhat novel heroine in the shape of a fat girl with red hair, high shoulders, and a large mouth, who is the belle of New York, and whose "uncontested beauty," explained by the author to be "thoroughly un-English," presents a rather puzzling problem to the reader. The story, so far as it goes, is well told, and bids fair to be interesting. Mr. Gaston Fay's accompanying sketch shows not only the same marked improvement in that artist's work which appears in his illustrations of the last of the Mühlbach novels, but a very decided advance in the quality of American magazine wood-cuts. Miss Olive Logan has a patriotic paper on *American and Foreign Theatres*; Mr. Richard Frothingham gives another instalment of his curious *Spiritualistic Experiences*, from which he derives the "conclusions, after four years of careful investigation, that *Spiritualism is a great fact, not a philosophy, and that it should be made a science, not a religion*"; *The Political Outlook* is "discussed from a non-partisan standpoint," and two platforms laid down for the two parties, each of which is warranted to ensure success; Rev. E. E. Hale describes in lively style *The Same Christmas in Old England and New*, at Plymouth Rock and the court of St. James, A.D. 1620; *Elisabetta's Christmas* is a lugubrious story by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, at the end of which everybody dies, and the author rebukes the reader for thinking it sad; Mr. William L. Stone, having courageously labored through a "history of the 'German Auxiliary Forces in the War of North American Independence,' . . . made up of some sixty hitherto unpublished manuscripts, journals, and orderly-books written during the Revolution by Brunswick and Hessian officers," shows that "the campaign of General Burgoyne is to be ascribed more to his own blunders and incompetency than to any special military skill on the part of his conquerors;" and Mr. Junius Henri Browne's *Aphoristic Cynicism* reveals some discoveries in the philosophy of love which impress us as being profound, but for the most part stupid. The poetry is unworthy of its authors, and *The Nebula* is about as entertaining as usual.

The Catholic World, always welcome, arrives this month heavily, perhaps too heavily, freighted with solid and thoughtful reading. Such articles as *The Catholic Doctrine*

of *Justification, The Labor Question, Nature and Grace, The Temporal Power of the Pope, Family, Parish, and Sunday-School Libraries*, however instructive and earnest in themselves, however necessary to give tone and character to a magazine, doubly so to a religious magazine, are yet to the general reader of such periodicals—the reader who after all must be relied on for support—so much dead weight, and are apt to be a decided clog unless abundantly relieved by papers of a lighter and more sparkling kind. Herein it is that *The Catholic World* has been chiefly deficient; in solid learning and earnest thought it has always more than held its own with its rivals, and now we are glad to notice a tendency toward supplying its most noticeable want of the lighter graces and elegances of letters. By far the sprightliest and, for most readers, the most attractive article, not only in the present number, but that we have seen in *The World* for some time past, is the paper on *Plagiarism and John Bunyan*. Bright, racy, above all, not too long, and flavored with quite enough learning to give it balance, it is just the sort of article that *The Catholic World* most wants, and one that we hope to see often repeated. For the rest, *The Story of a Conscript* increases in interest; the paper on *Joseph Görres* merits notice, and *The Comedy of Convocation* is an abstract of a curious but somewhat ponderous English satire on the present state of the Establishment, ascribed, we think unjustly, to Dr. Newman. The poetry shows progress. That is, the names are an indication of a desire to do better, and the result is better than for some numbers back, at least relatively; it could not well have been worse. The stray May carol entitled *Mater Filii* is not altogether worthy of Mr. Aubrey De Vere's reputation, and shows that sometimes the good Homer dozes; printed anonymously, we might have thought it good. Mr. Caswall and Mr. Willis will err if they rest their claims to immortality on the verses that represent them here, and the anonymous author of *The Legend of the Seven Sleepers* is more to be praised for his prudence than his poetry. Before closing we cannot help noticing what seems to us a piece of extremely bad taste in the article on *Libraries*, where a rival magazine, *The Atlantic Monthly*, is spoken of in terms which are at least invidious. However desirable to Romanists it may be that an organ of their own faith should replace in Catholic families a periodical which is an organ of no faith, it is somewhat unjust to rank *The Atlantic* with *The Sunday Mercury*, and to imply that it is little better than an immoral publication; while the commercial aspect which the attack may be made to assume makes it doubly discreditable and undignified. With all its faults, however, *The Catholic World* is the first noticeable attempt at a Roman Catholic magazine which should be truly catholic not only in creed, but in tone, and deserves, especially among readers of its own way of thinking, a most liberal subscription.

The Riverside Magazine for Young People, Vol. II., No. 13. Hurd & Houghton. (January, 1868.)—In times not long remote from the present a difficulty which frequently presented itself was that of selecting books fitted to young minds; child-literature was not then, as now, cultivated to any great extent, and the catalogue from which to select appropriate works was soon exhausted. Such books as *Water Babies* and *Dream Children* had not arrived to gladden our young days, and, as we read them now, a feeling somewhat akin to envy is awakened, and we acknowledge a slight wish that we might for a while be children again, so as to luxuriate in the rich stores so profusely provided for us by authors, artists, and publishers. *The Riverside Magazine* commences the New Year with so much that is excellent in each department, literary as well as pictorial, that we are inclined to contest with the "young people" the right of its exclusive monopoly; and, as we often find them pertly assuming the pomp and dignity of man and womanhood, we desire to retaliate by snatching some little gleams of the sunshine especially designed for them. To one of the most popular of Robert Browning's lesser poems Mr. La Farge has furnished an excellent illustration— weird, fantastic, and perfectly in harmony with the spirit of the story. Mr. Herrick's squirrels are positive pets, and the chapter which they adorn is as entertaining as it is instructive. "A Dance for a Supper," by the same artist, is admirable, and deserves to be published in a more ambitious form. *A Christmas Tree for Cats* is an amusing conceit at which old and young may laugh heartily, as well as at *A Talk among Toads*, both of which are indebted to Mr. Stephens for grotesque and characteristic illustrations. Pen and pencil contend for the mastery in *The Fairy's Rescue*; both are wielded by the same hand, but the former must yield, and the story, simple and pretty though it be, is but a vehicle for the production of some very graceful and fanciful little pictures. One of Mother Goose's time-honored melodies, with music by Charles Moulton, and an illustration as comprehensive as the subject demands, by Gaston Fay, concludes this excellent number, of which we have mentioned but few of the contents.

The Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine, and Medical Jurisprudence. No. 1, Vol. II. Edited by William A. Hammond, M.D. New York: Moorhead, Simpson & Bond, 1868.—The January number of this valuable quarterly sustains the promise of its predecessors. In the first article Dr. Hammond considers *The Influence of the Maternal Mind over the Offspring during Pregnancy and Lactation*; the importance of which has scarcely been sufficiently recognized. The subject is treated in a comprehensive manner, and the opinions and experience of other physicians are cited in support of those of the author, who has spared no pains and

omitted no research to render his essay complete. Dr. Hammond argues the matter in a straightforward manner, and arrives at results which appear conclusive; the practical value of which must, as he says, be apparent to all intelligent men and women. The remarks of Dr. Lee on the trial of Calvin M. Northrup cannot fail to be extremely interesting to all who read and studied that remarkable case. An excellent article on early education is from the pen of Dr. Cortenay Atwood, of Trinity College, Dublin, who expresses his meaning briefly and clearly, in a manner to impress those to whom his paper should be of infinite service—the fathers and mothers of the rising generation. Among other judicious observations, he makes the following:

"A teacher should know himself thoroughly all he is required to teach, and he should carefully go through with and explain to the pupils whatever he desires them to learn. It is a well-known fact that ideas are more deeply impressed upon the mind through the sense of hearing than any other; and, moreover, as knowledge is essentially social, depending as it does upon the interchange of ideas, it should be socially acquired. Too close application to books in early life is injurious in many ways. The constant habit of intently gazing upon near and minute objects affects the sight; and continued confinement in one place leads to the acquirement of awkward and constrained attitudes which interfere with the due performance of the function of respiration."

Dr. Seguin furnishes in the fifth article a lengthy and exhaustive analysis of the *Aphasia Question*, a subject obscure and difficult to the unlearned in medical science, but now engaging the profound attention of the most able physicians here and in Europe. The numerous examples cited by the writer, tending to throw light upon this vexed question, are interesting and curious. Dr. Hammond's lecture on the *Proper Use of the Mind* is by no means the least valuable contribution to his journal. The universal interest which surrounds this important subject makes it worth while to pay close attention to the opinions of intelligent and studious men who have considered it deeply and conscientiously, and whose intellectual ascendancy fits them to be guides and instructors. In this position toward the students to whom this lecture is addressed, Dr. Hammond stands, and his suggestions and teachings should have most salutary influence upon them. His advice upon many things, but one especially, is applicable to numbers beside those to whom he speaks—to students in all professions, to authors, thinkers, and scarcely less so to men of business:

"Study as much as you please, work your brains to their utmost capacity, but see that you do not rob them of the rest derived from sleep, and which is so indispensable for healthy and long-continued intellectual labor. If you neglect this warning, be sure the time will come when you cannot sleep, and then you will be in danger of losing your reason. One-third of your time given to sleep will enable you to use the other two-thirds as unremittently as you please. There is another practice against which I would warn you, and that is, letting your mind dwell continually upon one subject. An intense application of the mental faculties prolonged in one exclusive direction often leads to most unfortunate results, and always lessens the scope and majesty of the intellect."

To physicians and medical students this journal is valuable not only as a record of current events of vital import, but as embodying the views and opinions, the discoveries and speculations, of scientific men; while to the non-professional it is a work which may be recommended by its remarkable variety of interest and instruction.

Cassell's Magazine contains the usual amount of varied and amusing matter illustrated with wood-cuts of more than ordinary Pre-Raphaelitism and hideousness, but very good of their kind. For the very moderate price, we know of no other magazine that gives a greater amount of interesting reading or better achieves its modest aim. A table of contents might, perhaps, be an improvement.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- H. B. FULLER, Boston.—The Fallen Stories. Well Spent Hour. By Eliza Lee Follen. Pp. 203. 1868.
Life and Works of Horace Mann. Edited by Mrs. Mary Mann. In five vols. Vol. III. Pp. xii, 758.
Joseph in the Snow: A Tale. Translated from the German of Berthold Auerbach. Pp. 176. 1868.
CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York.—The Inner Life of the Very Reverend Père Lacordaire, of the Order of Preachers. By a Religious of the same Order. Pp. xx, 506.
GENERAL PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, New York.—The Old Church in the Corner. By Fanfan. Pp. 196. 1867.
S. S. PACKARD, New York.—An Address on Success in Business. By Hon. Horace Greeley. Pp. 38.
BY THE AUTHOR, Amsterdam, N. Y.—The Columnades: A Poem. By Benjamin Blood. Pp. 113.
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—An Old Man's Prayer. By George M. Baker. Illustrated. Pp. 57. 1868.
LEVOLDT & HOLT, New York.—Selections from the Kalevala. Translated by John A. Porter, M.D. Pp. vi, 148. 1868.
Condensed French Instruction. By C. H. Deille. Pp. 143. 1868.
Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain: L'Homme. Par Jean Macé. Pp. 260. 1868.
D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.—The Antarctic Mariner's Song. By James Croxall Palmer, U.S.N. Pp. 92. 1868.
A. D. F. RANDOLPH, New York.—Church Manual. Pp. 104.
PAMPHLETS.
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Part VII. Egypt—Euphrates. Pp. 673, 784. 1867.
J. M. WHITTEMORE & CO., Boston.—The Christmas Game of "Dickens," for Old and Young. By one of his admirers.
D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 326.
Christmas Stories. By the same. Pp. 163.
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—Dombey & Son. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 354.
Martin Chuzzlewit. By the same. Pp. 314.
Christmas Stories. By the same. Pp. 228.
Nicholas Nickleby. By the same. Pp. 337.
We also received current issues of The National Quarterly Review, The Herald of Health, The Sailor's Magazine—New York; The Month—London and Baltimore; The Broadway, The Art Journal—London and New York; Vick's Illustrated Catalogue—Rochester, N. Y.; P. Well's Domestic Magazine—Philadelphia; The Sunday-school Teacher—Chicago; The Michigan State Register—Jackson, Mich.; The Atlantic Monthly—Boston; The Letter Carrier's Fifth Annual Greeting—New York.

TABLE-TALK.

QUOUSQUE tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ! At one time we hoped we had got rid of the microscopic verbal critic who pounces upon words in our columns, and then, with more or less erudition, proceeds to nag us about their use. Of late, however, the verbal critic has revived and has been showing himself in great force. One of our contemporaries has not missed, we believe in many months, any possible occasion for impaling some word we have used and holding it up for execration on the ground that "it is not in the dictionary,"—as if that were not the fault of the dictionary, not of the word. Out of a number of expostulatory notes of similar purport, we have before us two—one from a Pennsylvania school, the other from an Alabama college. The Pennsylvania one takes us to task for describing Mr. Newell's inordinate use, in *Avery Glibum*, of preternaturally suggestive names—e. g., Gwin Le Mons, Cummin & Tryon, Avery Goodman, Benton Stiles—by the term *onomatopœia*. As usual, he assails us with Webster. "According," he says, "to Webster's *Unabridged*, *onomatopœia* is, first, the formation of a word with resemblance in sound to that made by the thing signified; as, to buzz—as bees; to crackle—as burning thorns; second, the use of a word whose sound corresponds to the sound of the thing signified." This he supplements by the (coincident) testimony of "G. P. Quackenbos, A.M., in his *Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric*," and demands our explanation of the employment of the word in a different sense. The Alabamian is grieved at our attributing "grotesquerie" to M. Jean Macé's fairy stories.

"The meaning of the word as here used," he says, "is very obvious, yet I feel compelled to challenge its introduction into our vocabulary. Our standard authorities do not admit it, for I have vainly sought for it in the unabridged dictionaries of Webster and Worcester."

Is it a word devised by the writer to meet the demands of a false taste for novelty and piquancy of expression? If so, it should find no place in the columns of a journal which aims to maintain the highest standard of critical nicety that has been thus far presented to the literary public of America.

"Very recently I read approvingly a criticism from your pen, condemning the practice, common among spelling-book makers, of filling out lists of paronyms by the introduction of words that are, in no sense, of legitimate English descent. Abide by your own standards."

As far as the facts go which they state our correspondents are undoubtedly correct. With the latter we further agree in hostility to the puerile trick, indulged in largely by imitators of the blemishes in the style of the late Mr. Willis, of perpetrating superfluous verbal monstrosities and affectations, and to the spelling-book excesses of the sort we reprimanded. Priggish purism, however, is only less objectionable than the practice of taking impertinent liberties with the language. Corruptions of the tongue are of course to be withstood, and none are more solicitous on this score than ourselves; at the same time we have no patience whatever with the spirit of what seems to us slavish subservience that appeals to the dictionary not in the capacity of a mere history and record of the growth of the language, but as empowered to direct or repress its growth. The cases of the words instanced afford fair examples of what we mean. We are by no means particularly enamored of either *onomatopœia* or *grotesquerie*, but used them for the very good reason that they are legitimately made words—"if we do say so, who shouldn't?"—and expressed the idea we had to convey, which no existing words would do. For *onomatopœia* (*ὀνομαποιία*, -ποιεῖν, -εἶν, -εἶν; *ὀνομα-ποιεῖν*), there is no possible reason why it should mean more than the coining of names or the use of coined names, why it should refer exclusively to formations of the bow-wow kind; and, as a matter of fact, the word had not that exclusive use in Greek and cannot with propriety be confined to it in English. As to *grotesquerie*, it was used to indicate a Frenchy feature of a French book: we have no word in English which conveys the idea, probably for the reason that no where in English literature have we the thing, just as, for all we know, they may not have it in French, because among them no attention would be excited by a common characteristic very impressive to an outsider unfamiliar with it. As we have said, we do not hold the words in especial esteem, and we are quite ready to abandon them as soon as we become aware of better ones that shall express what, to our knowledge, no existing words do. But we shall in no case accept any restraints from the pedantic over-sedulousness and conservatism that by stunting the language do it nearly as much harm as the other extreme of sloppiness and the tinkering by ignoramuses. In general and once for all, we shall hold ourselves quite at liberty to revive an obsolete word or signification of a word, to employ an unusual or new one, to disregard, briefly, omissions of any sort by the dictionaries or popular use, whenever brevity and perspicuity demand it, and we venture to say the language will be none the worse for it.

"M. PHILARETE CHASLES, who, if not the dupe of literary forgers, is the greatest literary forger of the time, announces, or his friends do for him, that in the immense and absurd farrago of manuscripts of which he from time to time favors the French Academy of Sciences there are papers of Shakespeare!" So says *The Evening Post*, in the opening of a paragraph that closes with a telling sneer about one of the many absurdities of the Newton-Pascal forgery, in which, however, *The Athenæum* had anticipated it. But it is really too bad that such follies should be attributed to M. Philarete Chasles, who is perhaps the most accomplished Shakespearean critic in Europe, and the most unlikely of all persons to be drawn into the moribund claim for Pascal. It would be about as fair to credit M. Louis Blanc with Mr.

Richard Grant White's Shakespearian studies. It is pretty well known—sufficiently, at least, to make a blunder of this sort unpardonable—that there are three learned and eminent Frenchmen named Chasles, MM. Philarete, Michel, and Emile Chasles,—the second of whom, the distinguished mathematician, is entitled to whatever honor or the reverse attaches to the production of the forged papers before the Academy. Just suppose *Le Moniteur* or *Le Constitutionnel* were to evince a belief that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written by an eminent divine and theological professor—how intensely ludicrous it would appear to *The Evening Post*. Our contemporary does not do justice to its editor's undoubted knowledge of modern French writers. In the next column to that from which we have quoted is a Paris letter about the poet, Charles Baudelaire—a sort of French Edgar Poe, whose recent death has occasioned the frequent appearance of late of his name in print—and eighteen times is the name spelled *Bandelaire*.

AT San Francisco is just to be commenced the issue of a new weekly entitled *The Occident*, established by the Pacific and Alta California Presbyterian synods, and under the editorial charge of the Revs. Dr. Eells and E. B. Walsworth.

FROM Chicago comes *The Standard*, a weekly formed by the consolidation, just made complete, of three individually rather feeble Baptist papers, *The Christian Times* of Chicago, *The Witness* once of Indiana, and *The Christian Herald* of Michigan. In appearance and proportions *The Standard* is not unlike *The Advance*, and the promise of its first numbers is more reassuring than that of the average religious paper.

AT New Orleans a capital of \$50,000 has been provided for a new weekly Roman Catholic journal to be called *The Morning Star*.

MR. SAMUEL SHARPE advances a new theory in regard to the age of parts of the book of Isaiah. Differences in style and historic circumstances mentioned in it have of late led to the abandonment of the old idea that it was the work of one writer, and to a belief that the latter part and some intermediate passages earlier in the book were by a later writer, of a time certainly not earlier than Cyrus. Mr. Sharpe goes beyond this, and would have at least four, more probably six or seven, distinct authors. The latter chapters, he argues, a close comparison will show to have been written by some one "even many generations after the author known by the name of the later Isaiah." Chapters lx.-lxii., he maintains, tell of the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem, not of the temple; thus, they belong not to the time of Cyrus, under whom Zerubbabel led the Jews home; nor to that of Xerxes I., when Ezra renewed the Temple, but to that of Nehemiah under Artaxerxes Longimanus, viz., about B.C. 440. The last part of chapter lxiii. he refers, in like manner, to about B.C. 167, and its first six verses to B.C. 410.

DR. JAMES LEGGE—portions of whose labors on Confucius and the other Chinese classics have recently been published in Philadelphia and in San Francisco—is preparing for the Chinese, as well as through his translation for Europeans, the works of the great sage and of Mencius, which will fill some dozen volumes of imperial quarto. For this task, as well as for the Biblical translations, it was necessary to have movable types, the difficulties attending which he thus describes:

"Our movable types are due to the Rev. Mr. Dyer, who died in Macao in 1843. While residing at Penang, in Malacca, for several years, he found considerable difficulty in procuring the services of Chinese block-cutters, and thence conceived the idea of forming a complete fount of movable types. There being about forty-five thousand different characters in the Chinese language, for each of which a steel punch and copper matrix would have to be made, the great expense which must be incurred seemed to forbid the realization of his idea; but, as many of these characters are obsolete, and many more of very rare occurrence, it was calculated that a fount of a few thousand characters would suffice for the purposes of missionary printing."

The London Missionary Society authorized the manufacture of a fount, and subsequently of a smaller one, each of some five thousand characters, which are constantly being added to. These are so much superior to other Chinese type—that of the Asiatic Society of Paris—that the latter purposes adopting that of the Englishmen, and the Russian Government has bought matrices of both of their founts. Some of our San Francisco contemporaries, no doubt, can inform us whether it is with these type that the Chinese publications of their city are printed; their materials, it was mentioned, having been imported from China.

DR. PAUL DE LAGARDE has recently published at Leipzig a Coptic version of the Pentateuch, the only historical portion of the Old Testament which has been published in Coptic, while of this the former edition, Wilkins', published in 1731, has become so rare that no copy has been purchasable since 1844 in England, France, or Germany. The new edition is of more value to students of Coptic and Egyptian languages than to Biblical scholars, since the Coptic Old Testament—unlike the New, which gives important clues to the most ancient readings and early interpretations of the original texts—is but a version at second-hand. Dr. de Lagarde is diffident of his judgements as to the relations between the Memphitic and the Thebaic or Sahidic versions of the Pentateuch, and the learned critic of *The Chronicle*, to which we are indebted for our knowledge of the work, dissents from some of his conclusions. The Thebaic version is only to be found in parts and in MSS., and has never been thoroughly examined since the study of Coptic came into importance. The reviewer, however, dissents from the opinion that it contains, especially in the New Testament, a larger proportion of genuine Egyptian

words than the Memphitic, and he collates passages of the two in proof of their almost entire identity. The former is "more sober in the use of copulative conjunctions and redundancies in general," but makes much more frequent use of Greek words, which also appear largely in the latter, but always in passages where the other has them also. A proper collation of the two would probably show that the Thebaic is a single work, not a collection of translations from different sources, also that it is the older version and was used in the construction of the Memphitic.

The Christmas number of *The Bookseller*, with its more than three hundred pages of advertisements of books, most of them of finely illustrated editions for the holidays, enables us to realize more painfully than ever the depression which the book-trade, possibly more than any other American interest, is suffering, thanks to the expensive mediocrity and incompetence chosen to legislate for us. *The Bookseller's* admirable description, abundantly illustrated, of the choicest books, together with the specimens in the advertisements, give us tantalizing glimpses of a sort of wealth which for the present we can only envy. That great progress as well as great

changes are being made year by year in fine bookmaking is evident from such exemplification as we have here. With regard to illustrations, "wood-cuts," says *The Bookseller*, "will not any longer form the only, nor even the chief, means of ornamentation employed in gift books; the aid of photography has been invoked, and several of the most beautiful books of the season are so illustrated; chromolithography and other kinds of colored pictures are asserting their claims; and, although this latter art is still in its teens, there is promise of a healthy and vigorous manhood. In the 'annuals' of former years it was thought that nothing but steel plates could succeed, but we have outlived their day, and the only book of the year thus illustrated is the magnificent edition of the Poet Laureate's *Idylls*. True art will suffer nothing from the public becoming familiarized with the noblest works of the great masters by means of photographic copies, and it may reasonably be hoped that, as the eye becomes accustomed to chromographic pictures, the true principles of color, its contrasts and its complements, will be properly understood." An examination of this number of *The Bookseller* is a treat which no lover of

literature or art who can obtain it should deny himself. We may, indeed, say the same for the publication the year round, since in its way there could be no more admirable periodical, nor one which from month to month could be more thorough in keeping its readers *au courant* with the doings of the book-producing world. *The Bookseller*, we may add, was among the first to adopt the custom of regularly recording in London events in American literature.

AMERICAN tourists will be glad to learn that, commencing with New-Year's day, there is to be published in Paris, at first only weekly, an American journal to be entitled *The Continental Gazette*. A real necessity for such a paper arises from the extreme anti-Americanism of *Galignani*, and we hope it will find patronage enough to make it a worthy representative of Americans abroad.

ELIHU BURRITT—"the Learned Blacksmith"—commences with this month a new magazine called *Fireside Words*.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, it is announced, purposes supplementing his life of Julius Caesar by a life of Augustus.

The Ukase of Fashion.—With tasteful discrimination, the world of fashion has selected Phalon's Extract of the "NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS," from all other perfumes of the day, as the most delightful. There will not be a notable soiree, ball, or supper-party this winter to which its incomparable aroma will not add zest.

COLGATE'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE SOAP.

A superior TOILET SOAP, prepared from refined VEGETABLE OILS, in combination with GLYCERINE, and especially designed for the use of LADIES and for the NURSERY. Its perfume is exquisite, and its Washing properties unrivalled. For sale by all Druggists.

THE GREAT STORY

OF CROMWELL AND HIS TIMES.

THE NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SCHONBERG-COTTA FAMILY,

ENTITLED ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA.

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. 1 vol. 12mo, \$1 75.
A Sequel to *The Draytons and the Davenants*.

M. W. DODD,

506 Broadway, New York.

THE WEEK.

There will be no regard to parties or sects in making the selections for THE WEEK. Articles will be printed on all sides of politics, with reference only to their ability and interest.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

ARE PURCHASING AT AUCTION, AND FROM EVERY OTHER SOURCE WHERE IMMEDIATE CASH

WILL COMMAND LOW PRICES,
SILKS, DRESS GOODS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, HOSIERY, GLOVES, GENTLEMEN'S, LADIES', AND CHILDREN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

HOUSEKEEPING MATERIALS

IN EVERY VARIETY,
CLOTHS, CLOAKINGS, CASSIMERES, ETC., ETC., which they will continue to offer during this month at THE PRESENT EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE PRICES.

Broadway and Tenth Street.

CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that imitations of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

Trade-Mark
for
Electro-Plate.



Stamped on
base of
every article.

Our Goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Albata or Nickel Silver, and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield Plate.

CORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.,

Silversmiths and Manufacturers of Fine Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

The Corham Ware is indisputably superior to the finest Sheffield Plate. For sale at retail by

STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street.

BALL, BLACK & CO.,

565 and 567 BROADWAY,

HAVE JUST OPENED AN INVOICE

OF

FINE LEATHER

AND

GILT FANCY ARTICLES,

FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED VIENNA MANUFACTORY,

ESPECIALLY SELECTED FOR

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

ALSO,

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

ARTISTIC BRONZES,

FROM THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

WHEELER & WILSON,

625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

AWARDED,

OVER EIGHTY-TWO COMPETITORS, THE HIGHEST PREMIUM,

A GOLD MEDAL,

FOR THE PERFECTION OF

SEWING MACHINES AND BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL FOR THIS BRANCH OF MANUFACTURE.

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine

MADE PERFECT BY THE USE OF

The Bruen Manufacturing Co.'s New Cloth Plate.

By substituting this plate for the old one three distinct and different stitches can be made, viz.: the LOCK, the DOUBLE LOOP ELASTIC (or so-called Grover & Baker), and the newly-patented THREE-THREAD EMBROIDERY STITCH. Price of Plate \$10.

THE BRUEN MANUFACTURING CO., 678 Broadway, N. Y.

TIFFANY & CO.,

550 AND 552 BROADWAY, NEW YORK;

79 RUE RICHELIEU, PARIS.

STERLING SILVER-WARE,

FOR THE TABLE OR BUFFET,

Comprising all articles of Use or Ornament, of the most artistic design and elaborate finish.

BRONZES AND GAS-FIXTURES.

Residences furnished with real Bronze Fixtures, and particular care given to the general propriety of Ornamentation. New Designs prepared for Fixtures and Ornaments, and forwarded promptly upon request.

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

45 WALL STREET.

	July 1, 1867.
CASH CAPITAL,	\$400,000 00
SURPLUS,	187,205 93
ASSETS,	\$587,205 93
Fire and Inland Insurance effected in the Western and Southern States through the "Underwriters' Agency."	

Benj. S. Walcott, President.

I. Remsen Lane, Secretary.

ON AND AFTER JANUARY 15, 1868,

There will be published by THE ROUND TABLE ASSOCIATION, upon a principle hitherto unattempted in this country, but very successful in England, a new Weekly Journal to be called

THE WEEK:

A Reflex of Home and Foreign Opinion.

Price, \$3 a Year; 8 cents a Copy.

The reading matter of *THE WEEK* will consist entirely of extracts from the ablest and most influential journals *all over the world*. The aim will be to make the most brilliant and interesting selection possible (excluding fiction), and to present it on capital paper in beautiful type. From its cheapness and its universal range, as the contents will be made without regard to politics or opinions, simply on the principle of giving what is brightest and best from every quarter, it is believed that *THE WEEK* will speedily attain a large circulation.

The Round Table, entirely original, and
The Week, entirely selected,

will be sent to one address for \$7 50 per annum, strictly and invariably in advance.

The edition of the first number of *THE WEEK* will be very large, and Advertisers wishing space will do well to engage it in good season.

Address

THE ROUND TABLE ASSOCIATION,

132 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.